



# NOW! FULL COLOR COMICS!

# CREEPY

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PDC

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Indian land and Indian pride are gone. White men have stripped a once proud people. But there is one place the white man may never take - the Indian burial grounds, guarded by long-dead spirits who refuse to die again.

## THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED



What lies on the other side of death? One has but to die to discover the strange and terrible secrets of HELL.

## A DESCENT INTO HELL



## THE SLIPPED MICKEY

Giant butterflies craving the taste of fresh human eyeballs, and an insanely living locomotive, seek revenge on the psychiatrist who calls them mad.



Legend has it that the last man buried in a graveyard becomes an onco - a living corpse destined to guard over his cemetery for all eternity. It is an honor to be left. But also everlasting hell.

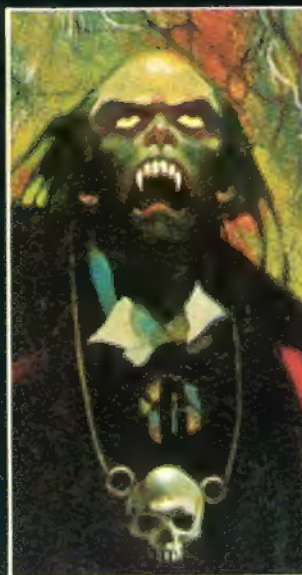
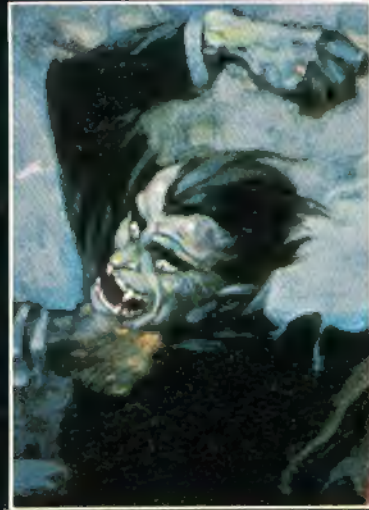
## DEAD MAN'S RAGE





# Let's face facts...

The simple truth of the matter is, there's a **DRACULA** craze going on! And a lot of publishing companies are capitalizing on it...flooding your newsstand with so many **DRACULA** titles that it's sure to confuse you! We don't want you to be confused! And we don't want you to buy one thing thinking you're getting something else! There is only one **FULL-COLOR, SOFT-BOUND BOOK** bearing the **DRACULA** title! It's chock-full of the most exciting and dramatically different comic art ever to see print in America. And every page is a spectrum of color! You may have seen our ad! Don't let it confuse you! Our colorful **DRACULA** volume is available only by mail, direct from Warren Publishing Company! The quality **Dracula**!

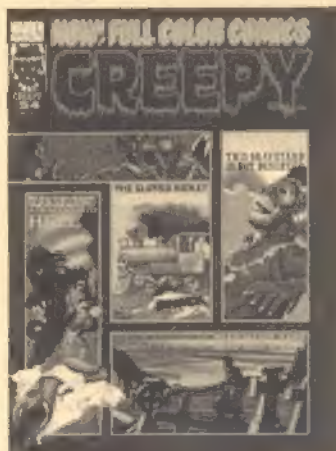


...there's a lot of  
**Draculas**  
running around!

# Dracula

SEE OUR DRACULA AD ON THE INSIDE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE





**OUR COVER**  
Esteban Maroto, Reed Crandall and Richard Corben share cover honors as we give you a special sneak preview of the super-color awaiting you in this issue's eight-page classic, "A Descent Into Hell." Page 31.

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# CREEPY

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**JULY 1973**

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**6 CREEPY'S CATACOMBS** What's it like to be a reknown comic artist? Jaime Brocal doesn't know, but tells about the way we kick him around when he brings in his assignments. More of our fabulous secrets.

**7 SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP** Get your ugly puss out of this magazine, you warty-nosed little ghoul! There's wonders here that could cloud your warped little mind forever! Especially if we slip you a Mickey!

**18 THIS GRAVEYARD** There are some men in every age who can kill with righteous calm! During the late 1800's, Nate Crill was one of those men. Nate Crill killed for fun! For him it was a profession and a deadly game!

**31 A DESCENT INTO HELL** A lone boatman finds himself paddling down a river of blood, while the land around him takes on the consistency of human flesh. Demons lurk in them hills. For this is the land of the dead.

**40 DEAD MAN'S RACE** Legend has it that the last man buried in a cemetery becomes an ankon, a walking corpse, destined to prowl the cemetery, guarding over the bodies of those laid to rest. It is an honor to be an ankon.

**59 LITTLE NIPPERS** Lemuel Gulliver found us first! An island of tiny men! But when Gulliver came to our land, he brought a plague... the plague of the vampire! Soon the entire population of our island were vampires!

**CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS:** Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.







AS ALL YOU LOYAL READERS WELL KNOW, I'M ANYTHING BUT A **WITCH**... BUT JUST THE SAME **I'VE BEEN BURNED!** I'VE BEEN THE HOST OF THIS MAGAZINE FOR MORE ISSUES THAN A **VAMPIRE** HAS **TEETH!**

...AND NOW THE **IDIOT** WRITER OF THIS **IDIOT** STORY HAS **USURPED**... TAKEN AWAY FROM ME --- MY HONORED AND LONG HELD POSITION ONLY TO GIVE IT TO SOME **NEW IDIOT HOST!**



**UNFAIR**  
TO LOCAL 73 OF  
**HORROR HOSTS**



BUT I HAVE OPTIONS ON **REVENGE**, FAITHFUL FREAK CREEPS...AND WHILE I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO **TELL** THE FOLLOWING STORY, I'VE GOTTEN EVEN BY GIVING IT THE **IDIOT** TITLE OF...

# THE SLIPPED MICKEY **CLICK FLIP**

0:00!!!  
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION, DO YOU HEAR... TO THAT WEIRDO... HE'S JUST **MAD**. BUT THAT'S A GOOD THING, I THINK. IF I THINK I DO, WHICH IS A DANGEROUS THING BECAUSE THINKING CAN DRIVE YOU **MAD**, WHICH IS A GOOD THING TOO.

AND IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL HERE FOR, ISN'T IT? I DON'T KNOW! I REALLY CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT BUT THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED SINCE THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME. BESIDES I THINK HE CAME UP WITH A VERY GOOD TITLE INDEED... WHICH MAY BE A **BAD** THING.

MASTER! MASTER! I DID AS YOU **SAID**... I FED THE HOT DOGS TO THE TELEVISION SET EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T SET **HUNGRY** AND I HAD TO **CUT** MY HANDS!

YOU DID WELL, AND THAT HUGO AND THAT **DISPLEASES** ME WHICH EARNS YOU A **REWARD!**

OH, THANK YOUUUUU...

**THUKXX**

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: RICHARD CORBEN



THERE, NOW THAT THE **PLEASANTRIES** ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I WON'T BORE YOU BY INTRODUCING MYSELF AS **MR. DIMENT...**

EXCUSE ME A MOMENT...

**CLICK-LICK!**

SO THERE, YOU INEFFECTUAL **LITTLE SNOTS!** I **KNEW** YOU COULDN'T STOP ME, BUT I DID IT ANYWAY. OH **REALLY?** SAME TO YOU AND DOUBLE YOUR **MUDDERS MUSTACHE!**

WELL WE DIDN'T **REALLY** BLIP IT OUT BUT AT LEAST IT'S **BLACK!**

WE'RE **WAITING**, HUGO. I ALREADY **CLICK-LICKED**. GET OFF THE **FLOOR**, HUGO!

**BLIP!**

...YES, M-MASTER... B-B-BUT I **LIKE** THE **D-D-DARK...**

THE **VISUAL**, HUGO THE **VISUAL...** OR DO YOU WANT ANOTHER **REWARD** FOR SO DELICIOUSLY **PLEASING** ME WITH YOUR **DISOBEDIENCE?**

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I **DID** BACK THERE, DON'T YOU? YOU **DON'T?** THAT'S RICH, WELL, I'LL TELL YOU SOON'S WE BLIP OUT THE **VISUAL!**

**HUGO...** GET THAT IDIOT **KNIFE** OUT OF YOUR FACE AND TUNE IN THE OTHER **VISUAL**.

AH, THERE IT IS! GOOD WORK, HUGO--- REMIND ME TO BURY AN **AXE** IN YOUR **SKULL** LATER...



YES, THERE HE IS SMUG AS EVER, UNSUSPECTING AS NEVER. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I PULLED A **CLICK-LICK** ON HIM. WHAT A **NOBLE** MAN...

THE IDIOT TRIED TO **HELP** ME. BUT HE'LL **PAY**. TURN ON THE **AUDIO**, HUGO... THE **SOUND** YOU MORON, THE **SOUND!**

...KNOW **ANYTHING!** YOU'RE **CRAZY!**

DR. NUGENT IS OF THE OPINION WE'RE **ALL** **CRAZY...** LUCIDLY OR LACONICALLY.



THAT'S BETTER, HUGO. NO, NO, DON'T **RUN AWAY** FROM YOUR **REWARD**. STAY AND WATCH **IDIOT NUGENT** WITH THE REST OF US.

...I HATE HIM.



NOW, NOW, **CRAZY** IS NOT A WORD I LIKE TO--- **EH?** WHAT THE **DEVIL!**



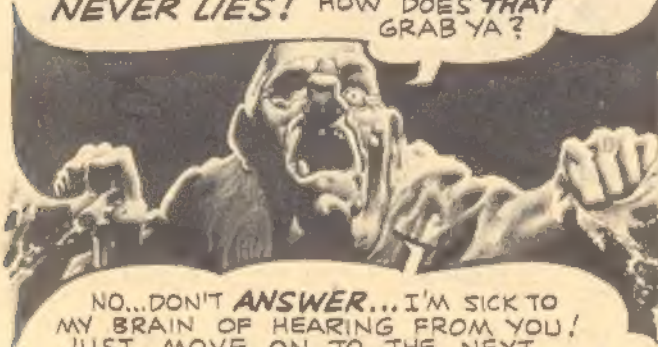
AH, **NOW** THE IDIOT'S GETTING THE PICTURE. IMAGINE TRYING TO **CURE ME**--- I'D **LAUGH** IF I WEREN'T SO **MAD!**

THE SMOKE **IMPOSSIBLE**... IT... IT'S **SPELLING OUT A MESSAGE!**



**BIG DEAL. SO WHAT ELSE IS SMOKE SUPPOSED TO DO?**

YOU THINK THIS IS **CRAZY**, HUH? YOU THINK MY METHODS ARE TOO **ELABORATE**, EH? WELL LISTEN, YOU **JERKS. SMOKE NEVER LIES!** HOW DOES THAT **GRAB YA?**



NO...DON'T **ANSWER**... I'M SICK TO MY BRAIN OF HEARING FROM YOU! JUST MOVE ON TO THE NEXT **PANEL!** WELL--- **GET OVER THERE, YOU IDIOTS!**

THAT'S IT... **FEAST** YOUR EYES ON THE **CLOWN**. IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU **BELCH**... BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT **INDIGESTION** - YET!

I, ER, I THINK WE SHALL **TERMINATE** THIS **SESSION** FOR TODAY...



I ALWAYS **HEARD** **PSYCHOLOGY** STUDENTS ENTERED THE FIELD WITH **HOPES** OF HELPING **THEMSELVES**.

WASN'T THAT **NICE** THE WAY WE **SKIPPED AHEAD** TO THIS **CAR** SCENE OF **IDIOT NUGENT** **DRIVING HOME?**

OVERWROUGHT... **TENSION**... **FATIGUE**... THAT'S ALL. JUST NEED SOME **REST**. **PATIENTS GETTING** TO ME.



I ALWAYS **KNEW** HE HAD TOO MUCH **COURAGE** TO **RUN AWAY**... SO HE'S **DRIVING AWAY**...

BUT THE **CAR** WON'T HELP HIM... **WILL IT, HUGO?**



**GOOD LORD!** THE **HIGHWAY**... IT... IT'S **ALIVE!**

LOOK AT HIM **SWERVE** THAT **CAR** TO AVOID THE **WRITHING RIPLE** OF **CONCRETE SERPENT**... **HYEE HYEE**

**SHREEEE**

I REALLY **DIG** ON THIS **OLD REVENGE BIT**.



I'M GOING **INSANE**...  
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE BUT  
I'M GOING **INSANE**.



YOU MADE ME A **LIAR**, NUGENT! YOU'RE **RUNNING AWAY**. BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE **FLOATING BUTTERFLIES**, MR. MADNESS-TAKER...



I **WARNED** YOU, IDIOT! LOOK AT THE WAY THOSE BUTTERFLIES **EXPLODE** INTO DEMENTIA— SPAWNED GROTESQUERIES CRAVING TO **GORGE** UPON YOUR FLESH... HEY, THAT CLICK-LICKER'S REALLY DOING ITS STUFF!

THAT'S IT, NUGENT. **FEEL** THE PINCHING **BARB** OF PUNCTURING TALONS AS THEY **BITE** INTO YOUR EYEBALL, **POP** IT, AND **RIP** IT FROM ITS SOCKET, TRAILING A CRIMSON WASH OF SPLATTERING BLOOD...

YOU'VE **TAKEN** SO MUCH MADNESS FROM PEOPLE, NUGENT. YOU'VE **STOLEN** SO MUCH OF IT... **CURED** PEOPLE, AS YOU PHRASE IT... THAT IT'S ALL COMING **BACK** AT YOU, SHRIEKING AND DERANGED, CLANGING **BELLS** AND THUMPING **DRUMS** INSIDE YOUR REVERBERATING MIND...



WE'LL LEAVE THE OTHER EYEBALL IN, NUGENT... SO YOU CAN **SEE** WHAT COMES **NEXT**!



...SO YOU COULD SEE...

YES, HUGO AND I AND THE CLICK-LICKER AND ALL THESE IDIOT READERS HAVE LEFT YOU WITH ONE **EYE**, NUGENT... SO YOU COULD **SEE**...



...YOUR WIFE.



SO YOU COULD **SEE**, NUGENT, AND REEL BACK IN REVULSION AT THE ABRUPT **EXPLOSION** OF YOUR BELOVED WIFE'S **STOMACH** AND THE REVOLTING SPILL OF **CORRUPT MAGGOTS** AND **TANGLE-SLIMED WORMS**.

HOW DOES IT **FEEL** TO HAVE **MADNESS**, A THOUSAND TIMES **COMPOUNDED**, STRIKE BACK, MR. PSYCHIATRIST? THAT'S IT: FLEE, THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO AND IT WON'T DO YOU ANY **GOOD**...



OH MY GOD NOOOOO!

COME TO ME, HOWARD, COME AND LET ME HUG YOU.



YAAAH-H!

THIS IS ALL PROGRESSING RATHER WELL, I THINK, BUT DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT. I'M DEMENTED. HAVE I INTRODUCED MYSELF YET? I **HAVE** IN THAT CASE, MY NAME IS MR. DIMENT, FINE THANK YOU.

YOU **IDIOT**! YOUR NEGLIGENCE HAS ONLY **AIDED** MY CLICK-LICK PLAN IN A WAY NOT YET REVEALED... AND FOR **THAT** YOU GET

... **THIS!**

OH, WHAT IS IT HUGO?

MASTER! MASTER! RAN OUT OF HOT DOGS TO FEED THE TELEVISION SET.



AH, HERE'S THE ERUDITE NUGENT AGAIN, CATCHING FORTYWINKS. GUESS WE'RE NEARING THE **FINAL STAGES** OF OUR LITTLE PLOT HERE. AT LEAST AS FAR AS **SLEEPING SNOOTY** IS CONCERNED...



WHOooo

WHOooooo







I DID IT, I DID IT,  
I **DID** IT!  
THE OLD  
**CLICK-LICK**  
**EXPRESS** DIDN'T  
FAIL ME!

I EVEN HAD THE  
COHERENCY OF MIND  
IF THAT'S GOOD TO  
MAKE NUGENT'S  
END AN **IRONIC**  
ONE... HAVING  
HIS MADNESS-  
WRAPPED **HEAD**  
**PULPED.**



BUT IT DOESN'T END **HERE**  
YOU IDIOTS! STOP **THINKING**  
SO MUCH... OR BETTER  
**YET, START THINKING.**  
YOU MIGHT **WARP** YOUR  
**BRAIN.**



BUT I MUST REMEM-  
BER MY **MANNERS...**  
**EXCUSE ME A**  
**MINUTE...**

REMEMBER **BETTY?** NUGENT'S **WIFE.** YEAH, YEAH,  
YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, IDIOTS, WELL ANYWAY,  
I SEE HER **STOMACH'S** FEELING BETTER  
BUT THEN THE **CLICK-LICK'S** NO  
**CHAUVINIST...** IT'LL TREAT HER JUST  
AS IT TREATED HER **HUSBAND...**



WONDER WHAT'S  
GOTTEN INTO **HOWARD?**  
I CAN'T QUITE BE **CERTAIN**  
BUT HE SEEMED TO BE  
ACTING A TRIFLE  
**ODD...**

OH **BOY** AND WHAT A TREAT IT'S  
12 GONNA BE!

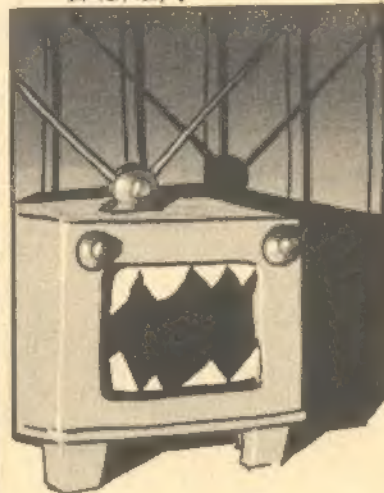


BUT MASTER, WHAT  
ABOUT THE **HOT DOGS?**

**BLIP**

SHUT UP, PUG-FACE  
AND HIT THE  
**VISUALS.**

I **KNEW** IT, I **KNEW** IT. HUGO YOU'RE  
A **GENIUS...** IT'S ALL GOING TO **COME**  
**OFF SUPERBLY,** MY HUNCHEDBACKED  
LACKEY!



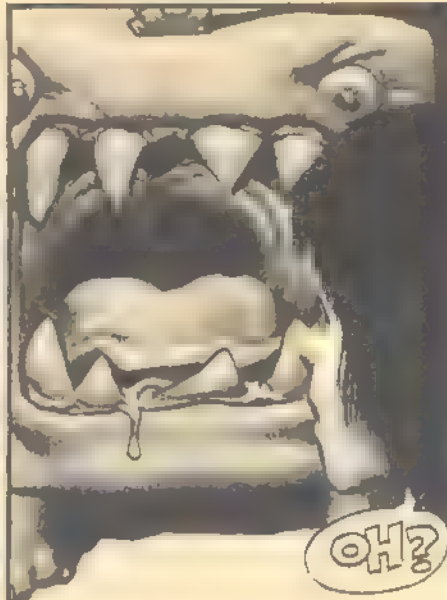
I WONDER WHAT'S  
ON THE TUBE.  
**HMPH...** HAVE TO  
REPLACE THAT  
**SCREEN ONE**  
OF THESE DAYS.

IT'S  
GETTING A  
LITTLE **WORN!**

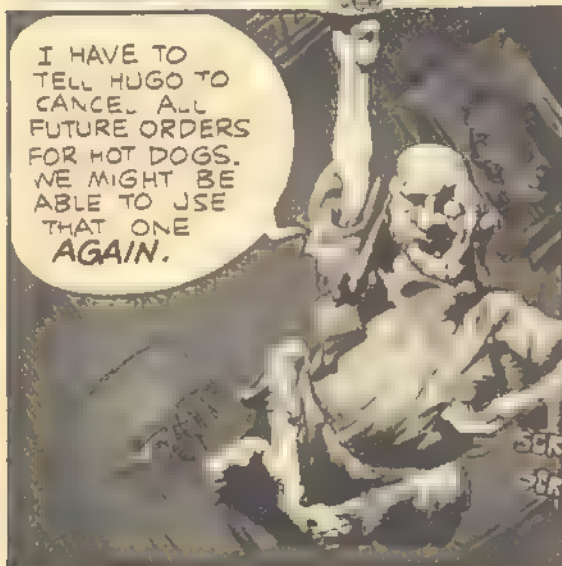


YES! REE, HUGO YOU'RE A  
DESPISED **GENIUS**. BUT IT'S ON  
THE BRINK OF NSANITY SO  
THAT'S COOL I THINK.

THE TELEVISION IS  
**STARVED** HUGO, HEE,  
HYEE **HYEE!**



SERVES HER **RIGHT!** SHE  
GAVE OLD HUBBY, NUGENT,  
**ADVICE** ON MY CASE WHEN  
HE WAS **TREATING** ME.  
MADNESS MAKES FOR STRANGE  
BEDFELLOWS...



I'VE EMPTIED  
THE WATER FROM THE  
**TUB**, MASTER DIMENT...  
YOU CAN START BASTING  
THE REAMS NOW

NOT NOW,  
YOU SILLY  
**FATUOUS** THING  
YOU! THERE'S STILL  
**ONE MORE** TO  
GO...

OH, MASTER NO  
'NOT THE...

TO **HELL** WITH AMENITIES! I'M **TIRED**  
OF BEING **POLITE**. YOU IDOTS OUT  
THERE CAN JUST **WAIT** WHILE I...

YES! THE... **DOG...**

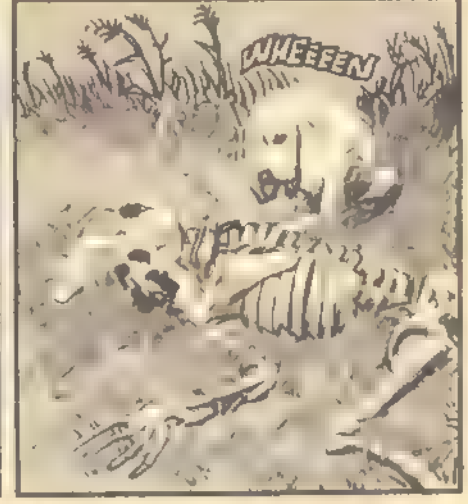




THE LOUSY DOG USED TO  
BRING NJGENT HIS **SLIPPERS**.  
FROM WHERE I THINK, A  
CLEAR-CUT CASE OF  **aiding**  
AND **abetting the enemy!**

YUP, YUP, HERE WE GO **AGAIN**.  
DOG ESCAPES... **TEMPORARILY!**  
AHEM... DOOR SLAMS IN  
STYMIED TELEVISION'S  
FACE, AND...

...DOG DISCOVERS HIS LATE  
MASTER'S **SKELETON**, THE  
ONLY REMAINS FROM THE  
**CLICK-LICK EXPRESS'**  
RECENT RUN...



...AND DOG THINKING OF NOTHING BUT BONES HELPS HIMSELF...

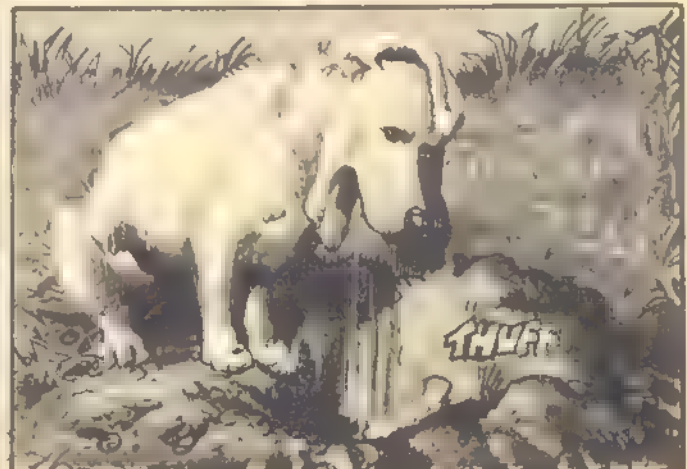


...CAREFREE DOG TROTS OFF WITH PURLOINED ARMBONE OF FORMER MASTER...



...WHEREUPON THE ELATED BUT CLICK-LICKED DOG  
PROCEEDS TO **DIG HOLE** FOR PURLOINED ARM-BONE...

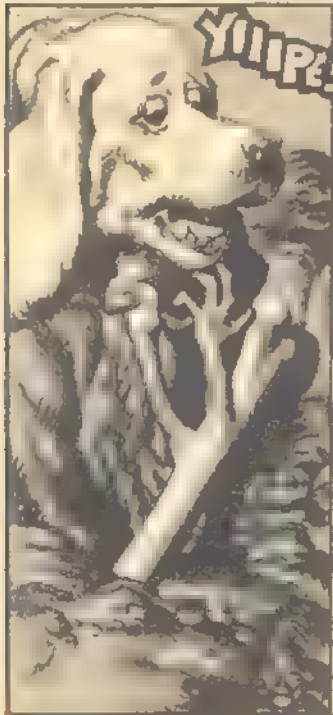
...SAID HOLE EXCAVATED, DOG GLEEFULLY  
DROPS ARM-BONE INTO IT.



NOW.. HERE'S THE **BEAUTIFUL PART**, HUGO,  
YOU TWISTED **PARODY** OF A GRINNING  
**HARRIDAN**, H Y E E H Y E E H Y E E H Y E E !!



BEFORE THE TRAITOROUS CUR CAN FILL N THE HOLE THE ARM-BONE SPROUTS TWO LITTLE BONEY **HANDS** WITH WHICH TO **COLLAR** THE MANGY MUTT...



...AND PULLS THE SQUIRMING CANINE **DOWN** INTO THE HOLE **WITH** IT...



...WHERE UPON IT INSIDIOLUSLY SCOOPS HANDFULS OF MUSTY, SUFFOCATING **DIRT** DOWN ON TOP OF THE DOG AND TSELF.



...UNTIL THE WHOLE SHEBANG IS BURIED, COMPLETING MY REVENGE IN A WAY WHICH ALSO OFFERS REVENGE TO ALL THE **BONES** OF THE WORLD, BURIED BY CALLOUS DOGS!



AND THE STUPID MUTT'S **MASTER** HAD A **HAND** ...OR AT LEAST AN **ARM**...IN IT TO BOOT!

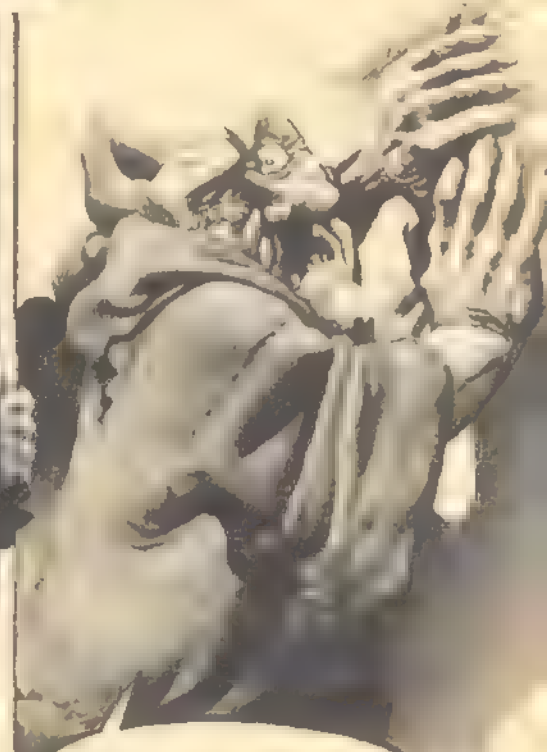
WHADDAYA **MEAN**, IT WAS A CRUEL THING TO DO TO THE DOG? WHADDA **YOU** KNOW... YER **CRAZY**, Y'HEAR!! GROW UP!

THE DOG **DESERVED** IT... HE WAS **NUGENT'S** DOG AND NUGENT TRIED TO **CURE** ME WHEN ALL I WANTED WAS TO GO **NUTS** IN PEACE. AND THEN THAT CRETIN BETTY STEPPED IN, SO I CHOMPED **HER** GOOD TOO...



...AND EVERYONE'S ALWAYS SAYING TELEVISION'LL LEAVE YOU WTH **NO HEAD** OF YOUR OWN ANYWAY, AND SO I JUST HELPED IT ALONG, ME AND HJGO, WITH OUR **CLICK-LICK**.

**LOOK**...I DON'T HAVE TO **PUT UP** WITH THIS, YOU **IDIOTS!** QUIT **PERSECUTING** ME... I DON'T CARE IF YOU **DIDN'T** LIKE THE LAST NINE PAGES! I HAVE **WAYS** TO GET REVENGE...



SO I **WARN** YOU, YOU **JERKOS**...YOU'D BETTER NOT **FLIP** THIS PAGE...I **MEAN** IT... F YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, **DON'T FLIP THIS PAGE**...





I KNEW YOU  
WOULDN'T BE ABLE  
TO RESIST, HYEE  
HYEEHYEE  
HYEEE!

CLICK-  
LICK!

THE SLIPPED MICKEY CLICK-FLIP

I KNOW YOU  
WOULDN'T BE ABLE  
TO RESIST, HYEE  
HYEEHYEE  
HYEEE!







# PROLOGUE

THERE ARE SOME MEN  
IN EVERY AGE WHO  
CAN KILL WITH  
RIGHTEOUS CALM...

.. DURING THE LATE  
880'S, NATE CRILL WAS  
ONE OF THOSE MEN.

CRILL DID NOT ATTAIN THE  
WIDE-SPREAD **NOTORIETY**  
THAT ADOLF HITLER WOULD  
IN LATER YEARS...

BUT THERE WAS A  
KNOWLEDGE IN DEOLOGY.

...THE **PATTERN** WAS THE SAME ON A SMALLER SCALE...

...THOUGH NO SMALLER  
TO THE **SURVIVORS** OF  
HIS VICTIMS...

...TO THEM HIS **VIOLENCE**  
WAS **IMMENSE!**

IN A FEW YEARS, COO JIMMY  
WOULD BE IN DEPTH REASON.  
FOR SUCH REASONS AS CRUISE  
... KNOWN, JIMMY'S VOICE  
BECOME SENSATIONS FEELINGS  
THEM, BUT THIS WAS LATE  
TERRITORY PEOPLE SEPARATED  
BY SPACE AND TIME.

TO CRILL F ONE  
RED MAN BELIEVED  
THAT, THEY ALL DD.

FOR ONE MOMENT ANOTHER  
LIFE WAVERED BEFORE  
CR LLS JUDGEMENT... THEN  
HE TURNED, DECISIVELY,  
DROPPING HIS SPURS INTO HIS  
HORSES SIDES, LEAVING HER  
ALIVE SATISFIED CR LLS  
ODD HUMOR.

SHE WOULD HAVE TO LIVE WITH FIVE SECONDS OF **BRUTALITY** THAT WOULD LINGER AS LONG AS HER LIFE.



EVERY AGE THIS FAR HAS ITS **MERCENARIES**. ALSO THIS ONE'S A **BOUNTY HUNTER**, THE TERM FOR THAT OCCUPATION DURING THE LATE 1880'S.

HE CALLS HIMSELF THE **SIDEWINDER** AND TAKES PLEASURE IN HEARING PEOPLE ADDRESS HIM AS SUCH.

NO ONE KNOWS HIS REAL NAME... BUT THEN AGAIN... NO ONE REALLY CARES ONCE HE HAS RIDDEN OUT OF THEIR LIVES.



EITHER OF YOU SEEN A TALL, SLIM HOMBRE WEARING A **FANCY VEST** AND RIDING A **PINTO**?

YOU MUST MEAN THAT ORNERY **SOD-BUSTER** THAT STOPPED BY HERE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM, **STRANGER**?



NOW, FRIEND, THAT'S BETWEEN **HIM**...

...AND **ME**...

WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

S-SURE, DON'T GET RILED, MISTER. I AMN'T THAT CURIOUS 'BOUT IT AT ALL.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGGERED



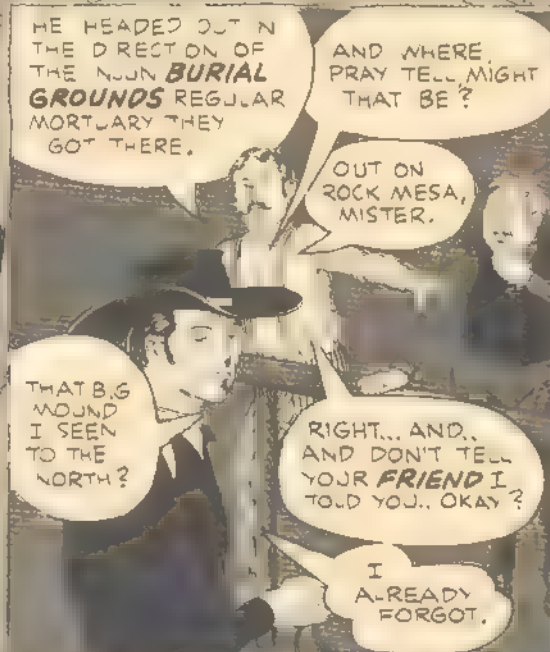
NOW YOU DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN TO SEE WHICH WAY HE WAS GOING, DID YOU?

YOU MEAN WHEN HE LEFT TOWN?

NOW WHEN ELSE WOULD I MEAN?

HE'S GOT A POINT CORNELIUS. WHEN ELSE WOULD HE...

I UNDERSTOOD 'IM, LUCIAN!



HE HEADED OUT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOON **BURIAL GROUNDS** REGULAR MORTUARY THEY GOT THERE.

AND WHERE, PRAY TELL, MIGHT THAT BE?

OUT ON ROCK MESA, MISTER.

THAT B.G. MOUND I SEEN TO THE NORTH?

RIGHT... AND.. AND DON'T TELL YOUR **FRIEND** I TOLD YOU.. OKAY?

I ALREADY FORGOT.

**THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED**

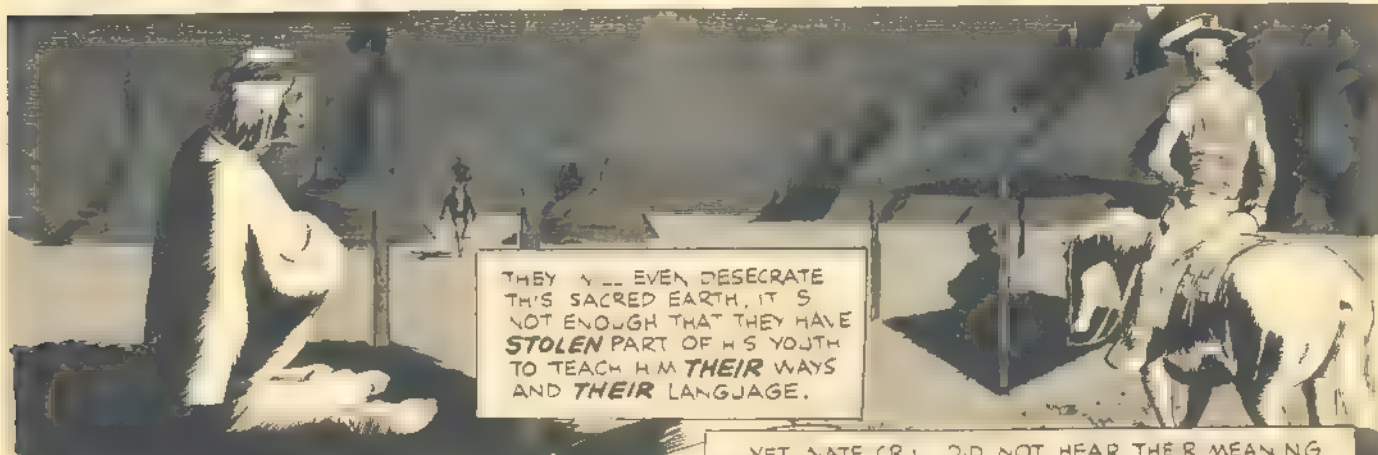


THE OLD MAN SAT IN THE SHADE OF THE **BRUSH HUT**, WAITING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

HE WAS OBVIOUSLY **DYING**... KNOWLEDGE AND ACCEPTANCE OF HIS CONDITION GLAZED HIS **PAINED** EYES.

BEYOND HIM THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE **SACRED BURIAL GROUND** OF THE SPIRIT PEOPLE, WAITS.

WATERY EYES WATCH THE WHITE RIDER APPROACH HE FORCES HIMSELF TO SIT ERECT THOUGH HIS ACHING LIMBS TRANSMIT ITS MESSAGE THROUGH HIM.



THEY Y... EVEN DESECRATE THIS SACRED EARTH, IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT THEY HAVE **STOLEN** PART OF HIS YOUTH TO TEACH HIM **THEIR** WAYS AND **THEIR** LANGUAGE.

HE SPEAKS THIS ENGLISH NOW... THIS LANGUAGE HE HAS REJECTED SINCE **THEY RELEASED HIM BACK INTO CAPTIVITY!** AND THE WORDS ARE BRITTLE, ISSUED FROM DUST DRY LIPS MOVING A TONGUE THAT IS NO LONGER MOIST. YET WORDS BORN IN SINCERITY AND BELIEF...

...YET NATE CRILL DID NOT HEAR THEIR MEANING AND CARED LESS THE IMPORTANT THING WAS REACHING OREGON! THREE DAYS **LAYOVER** NEAR THE LAST **DEATH SITE** HAD REFRESHED BOTH HIM AND HIS CAYUSE.

THE SPIRITS WOULD ASK YOU NOT TO OFFEND THIS CROSSING TO THE RAINBOW TRAIL.

DO NOT DISTURB THE **T'CHINDI!!**

WHAT ARE YOU **BABBLING** ABOUT OLD MAN?

**T'CHINDI**—THE EVIL PART OF THE BODY THAT **NEVER DIES!**

**T'CHINDI**... WHICH STAYS FOREVER... WHICH BRINGS **DEATH!!**

I AM LISTENING TO NO MORE HEATHEN NONSENSE!

CRILL LEAVES THE **BROKEN BODY** LYING IN THE DUST. THROUGH THE **MIST OF PAIN**, THE DYING FIGURE FEELS THE DUST SETTLE BACK TO THE EARTH HE HAS WORSHIPPED... AND HIS FINGERS CLUTCH AT THE ARD GRIT, AS IF TO COMPEL IT **TO MERGE WITH HIM IN HIS TIME OF NEED!**





THE SUN PASSES ACROSS THE BLUE FIRMAMENTS HE HAS GAZED UPON SINCE YOUTH... AND **BURNS** ITS PASSAGE INTO HIS **FLESH!**

SLOWLY...DISTANT SOUNDS NEAR ON THE COOLING DIRT A SILHOUETTE APPEARS OUT OF FOCUS, BLURRED ON HIS RETINA THE DARK SHAPE BROADENS-A HORSES SHOD HOoves POUND DULLY...

...HERALDING APPROACH.

THIS TIME HE DOES WHAT TOO MANY OF THIS PALE RACE HAVE DONE...HE FAILS TO SEE ONE DISTINCT FACE ABOVE HIM...

HE SEES ONLY A RACE...

...AND **SUCCUMBS** TO THE VERY TRAIT HE HAS **HATED** SO LONG!

THEY BRING ANOTHER WHITE FACE ABOVE HIM,

ANOTHER ONE OF YOU, WHY DO YOU BOTHER PUTTING THIS WATER TO MY LIPS,

WHY DO YOU WANT TO PROLONG MY AGONY?

YOU WILL FOLLOW THE OTHER ONE WON'T YOU? YOU WILL **VIOLATE** OUR FAITH AS **YOUR KIND** HAVE DONE SINCE THEY CAME HERE

YOU MUST BE NEXT TO DELIRIOUS OLD MAN.

I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT THAT, IF NATE CRILL'S IN THERE... THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN'...

...S DES... MY FAITH'S IN MYSELF!

YOU WILL TRAMPLE THROUGH THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE **SACRED VALLEY!**

I **ALLOW** YOU THAT WHITE MAN, WHY DO YOU **NOT ALLOW** US OUR FAITH?

FOR SOMEONE WHO'S DYIN' YOU'RE DOIN' A LOT OF TALKIN' BUT YOU BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU WANT LONG AS IT DON'T INTERFERE WITH ME.

THAT...IS **MORE**...THAN MOST OF YOUR RACE ALLOWS US.

GO THEN...

...FOR **DEATH** HOVERS WITH ME NOW...

... BUT BEWARE...

FOR THIS GRAVEYARD IS NOT DESERTED.





I GUESS THAT OLD REDSKIN REALLY BELIEVES THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!

COURSE IF I GOT IT RIGHT, IT'S THE **T'CHINDI** THEY'RE SCARED OF!

YOU'D THINK WITH ALL THEIR CHANTS AN' CEREMONIES THEY'D THINK THEY'RE AS PURE AS SNOW...

...BUT NOT THEM!



THEY GOT T'NTA THER HEADS THAT THE **EVIL** PART OF PEOPLE STAYS ALIVE...

.. **THE T'CHINDI!**

**SPIRITS'** SUPPOSED TO HANG AROUND WHERE THE **CORPSE** IS BURIED!

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY FOR BURYIN' I GUESS!

THESE ROCKY WALLS PROTECT THE BODIES FROM THE BADGERS AND THE COYOTES! ...AND DAMN IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT THE CORPSES CLOTHES N CASE HIS SPIRIT WANTS TA' ROAM A BIT!



MITE COLDER 'N HERE!

BUT THERE AIN'T NO DOUBT CRILL COME THIS WAY. HADDA BE CRILL WHAT TRAMPLED THAT OLD MAN!

LESS 'N I'VE LOST MY TOUCH AN' BEEN FOLLERIN' THE WRONG TRACKS ALL THIS TIME!



BUT SOWANDER IS WRONG.

THERE IS  
ONE OTHER  
PERSON IN  
THIS PLACE..  
THE **ONLY**  
ONE THAT  
IS **NOT** AN  
**INTRUDER**  
ONE WHO IS  
INTENSELY  
ALIVE..  
BECAUSE  
OF DEATH!



SHE BRAVES EVEN THE T'CHINDI TO UTTER THE PRAYERS  
THAT WILL GUIDE HER LOVED ONE TO THE LAND OF  
THE SPIRIT PEOPLE.

HER MEMORIES  
AND TEARS ARE  
**SPLASHED**  
WITH BLOOD!

SHE IS UNAWARE THAT  
JUST BEYOND HER  
MAKE-SHIFT **SEPULCHRE**  
LIES THE SAME GIGANTIC  
FIGURE THAT BIRTHED  
HER MISERY.

THE SENSE OF CHILL AND BREATH LEAVE CRILL AS  
THE SOIL **BUCKLES** BENEATH HIS HORSE'S HOOVES  
A **WILD** INSTINCTIVE SOUND  
RIPS FROM HIS HORSE'S LUNGS..

...A **SHATTERING**  
**SOUND OF PRIMITIVE TERROR**  
THAT ERUPTS IN HIS OWN INSIDES.

NATHAN CRILL SLOWS HIS HORSE. HALFHEARTEDLY  
HIS HAND WIPES AT THE **SWEAT** THAT COVERS HIS  
HORSE'S HIDE. THE **DAMP WIND** TURNS TO **ICE**  
UNDER HIS FINGERS.. AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS  
OF EACH BREATH HE TAKES..

DAMN INJUNS AN THEIR  
GRAVES... GOT EM ALL  
OVER THE PLACE.

I'M GONNA  
NEED A GOOD  
SLUG OF ROT-  
GUT BY THE  
TIME I GET  
THROUGH HERE.

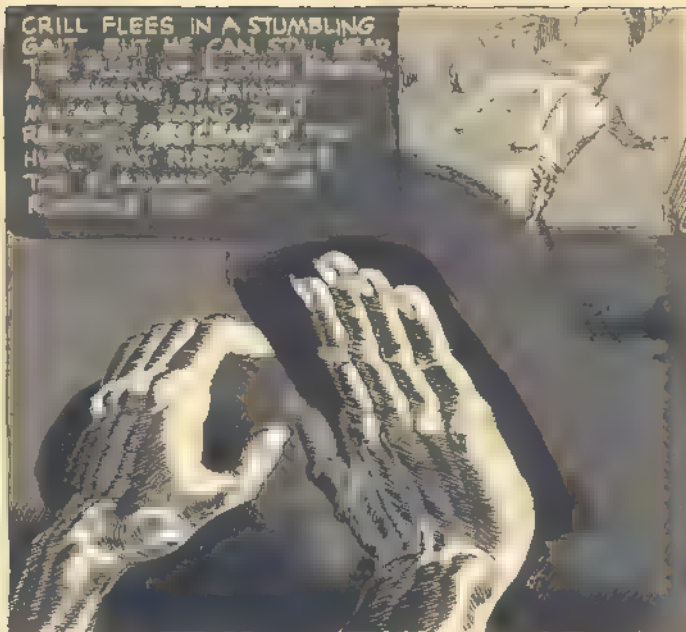
FROM THE **RIPPED**  
**WOUND** OF EARTH A  
**TENDRIL OF MIST**  
WAFTS HARDLY  
DISTINGUISHABLE.

CRILL DOES NOT SEE  
THAT, BUT HE DOES  
FEEL SOMETHING  
CARESS HIS FLESH  
FOR A MOMENT...

...A **FRIGID, ECTOPLASMIC SUBSTANCE** THAT CUTS THROUGH HIM  
BEFORE HE IS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND.







HIS FLIGHT LEADS HIM TOWARD  
THE ROCKY OUTER BOUNDARIES  
OF THE VALLEY.

SIDEWINDER COMPLETES THE SEPARATELY MOTIVATED TRIANGLE,  
YANKING ON HIS REINS, HORSE AND RIDER MOVING AS ONE.

...TOWARD THE SHELTER THAT HAS  
ISOLATED A GRIEVING, VULNERABLE  
FIGURE...

...FROM THE GROTESQUE  
EVENTS BEYOND.





SIDEWINDER BECOMES KEENLY ALIVE, HIS NERVE ENDINGS TAKE ON NEW AWARENESS! THE

SOMETHIN'  
ELSE BACK  
THERE!

THAT'S A  
NASTY HABIT  
YOU GOT THERE  
CRILL!

AS ONE **DEFORMED LIMBS** BURST THROUGH WEED AND  
DIRT! GRASPING **TALONED HANDS**, REEKING OF  
**DETERIORATION**, SEND THE DARK HORSE INTO PANIC.

**RAZOR-SHARP EDGES** SHRED THE HORSE'S HIDE  
...AND THE JET-BLACK HAIR RUNS **DARK** WITH **GORE!**

SIDEWINDER HAS ONE GLIMPSE OF THE  
UPRAISED ARMS OF THE CLUTCHING  
FINGERS OF THE **DEFORMED LIMBS**  
BEFORE HE IS FLUNG **VIOLENTLY**  
INTO THE NIGHT AIR...

"NO LONGER A MASTER  
OF HIS FATE...  
...IF EVER HE WAS!"

THE SCENE IS STRANGELY OUT OF  
**LEGEND**, YET **LEGEND** THAT IS **MORE**  
THAN WHITE OR RED **LEGEND**...SOME-  
THING THAT TRANSCENDS BOUNDARIES  
...AND SHATTERS THE COMMON-PLACE!!



SIDEWINDER LANDS HARSHLY IN THE **MIDST** OF THEM AND THE SCENT OF MOLD AND **DECAY** FILL THE AIR. IT IS ONLY A LIFE-TIME OF LIVING UNDER A HARSH SUN WITH MANY HARSH **CONFLICTS** THAT ENABLES HIM TO REACT SO QUICKLY, THOUGH HIS INSIDES HEAVE WITH THE FIRST CONTACT OF THIS **ROTTING FLESH!**



SIDEWINDER'S FINGERS CLOSE ABOUT ONE OF THE **BIZARRE** ARMS... AND THE FLESH GIVES WAY UNDER HIS GR.P...

...STRIPS AWAY FROM **BONE AND SINEW...**

...OOZES THROUGH HIS CLENCHED FINGERS LIKE **PULP RIND** FROM A **RIPE CANTALOUPE!!**



DON'T KNOW WHO THAT WAS BUT HE'S BROUGHT HIMSELF A MESS OF TROUBLE!

B T MORE'N HE BARGAINED FOR!

NEVER MIND THAT.. MORE'N I BARGAINED ON, TOO!



WHAT N DEVIL'S NAME...!! THINGS JUS' KEEP CRAWLIN' OUTTA THE **WORM WOOD** N TH'S PLACE!

MURDERER!





AND WHILE CRILL CONFRONTS THE GIRL, FOR SIDEWINDER THE DARK SKIES DIM AND THERE'S A SCREAMING ROARING SENSATION ABOUT HIM THAT HE IS NOT SURE IS REAL OR IMAGINED.



HE IS VAGUELY AWARE THAT HIS OWN BLOOD NOW FLOWS SLOWLY...PRESSING THE TORN FABRIC OF HIS SHIRT TO HIS BODY.



AND HE RIPS IT FROM ITS SHEATH!  
THE BLADE GLEAMS DULLY.

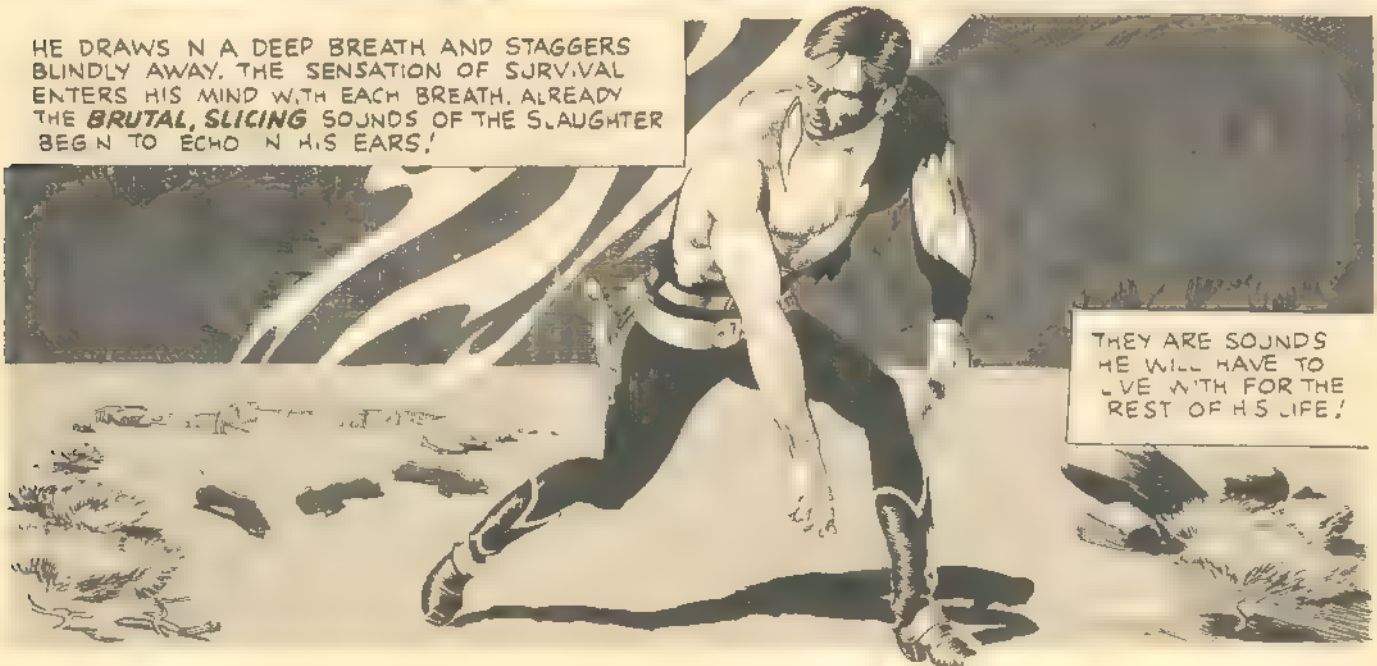
HIS INITIAL SUPERNATURAL FEAR CLEARS WITH THE TOUCH OF THE KNIFE... AND REACQUAINTS HIM WITH A REALITY HE CAN UNDERSTAND.



DESPERATELY HE ARCS THE BLADE UPWARD, ITS MOMENTUM BARELY SLOWED AT THE ENCOUNTERS TEARING ARMS.



HE DRAWS IN A DEEP BREATH AND STAGGERS BLINDLY AWAY. THE SENSATION OF SURVIVAL ENTERS HIS MIND WITH EACH BREATH. ALREADY THE BRUTAL, SLICING SOUNDS OF THE SLAUGHTER BEGAN TO ECHO IN HIS EARS!



THEY ARE SOUNDS HE WILL HAVE TO LIVE WITH FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!



SIDEWINDER HALTS WHEN THE TREMBLING CLAIMS HIM. IT IS A TREMBLING HE HAS KNOWN BEFORE...FROM OTHER CONFLICTS HE HAS WON...

THE SOFT, FRAIL **NOBILITY** OF THE FACE STIRS A SENSE OF LIFE IN SIDEWINDER QUITE UNLIKE THE SENSATIONS HE HAS KNOWN AT THE MOMENT OF THE CHASE.



THERE'S AN **INJUN** GIRL LYING OVER THERE. **CRILL** MUSTA **WHACKED** HER GOOD.



HEO KINGS ARE MOVING AND THEY KNOW SOMETHING HE CANNOT LIVE WITH



SHE SHOULD **HATE ME!** HATE MY KIND! JUST LIKE SOME OF THEM **TOWNFOLK** YONDER WOULD HATE HER.



PERHAPS WITH SOME **UNDERSTANDING** THEY COULD HAVE EX STED SDE BY SDE...

PERHAPS THEY COULD HAVE GIVEN AND RECEIVED ALIKE...PERHAPS THAT WAS WHAT HER **WOUNDED** GAZE TRIED TO TELL H.M.





AND A SIMILAR SOUND  
BRINGS CRILL UP SHORT...

CRILL'S CALLOUSED FINGER SLIPS OVER THE FAMILIAR OILY CURVE OF HIS  
WEAPON'S TRIGGER PULLING AT IT SHOTS THUNDERING, ECHOING OFF THE DISTANT  
HILLS DES.



CRILL TURNS.

...AND HIS  
FACE DRAINS  
OF BLOOD...

...AS HE STARES AT  
A **GRUESOME**  
**APPARITION**  
MORE TERRIBLE  
THAN THE OTHERS  
HE HAS SEEN  
THIS NIGHT!

**BOOM!**  
**CREAK!**



AND THOUGH HIS SIGHT **RIVETS** ON THE RAVAGED FACE HE IS UNAWARE  
THIS IS THE **SAME BEING HE SLAUGHTERED WITHOUT REMORSE.**

HE IS **UNAWARE** AS TO WHY THIS FIGURE **STALKS** HIM. A  
DEATHLY FIGURE NOW INCENSED NOT OVER THE SAVAGE  
ACT OF THREE DAYS PAST.



-BUT OVER THIS **NEW** ACT, CRILL'S **SLASHING** ATTACK  
UPON **HIS MATE** DRIVING HIM FROM THE GRAVE, FEELING  
ANEW THE THRUSTING PAIN FROM HIS TORN EYES SENSING  
THE HURT OF THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOT DESERTED HIM.



THE GIRL AND S.DEWINDER HALT AS THE APPARITION WALKS THROUGH THE DUSK UNMINDFUL OF BOTH OF THEM, ITS MISSION **FULFILLED**.



NATHAN CRILL'S MOANS RENT THE AIR HIGH-PITCHED QUIVERING SOUNDS THAT **WAIL** IN **DESPAIR**.



S.DEWINDER TURNS TO QUESTION THE GIRL AND TO SEEK HER AID...




BUT THE SCENE THAT GREET'S HIS EYES **KILLS** THE QUESTIONS ON HIS LIPS...

THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT NOW BUT TO LEAVE THIS PLACE FAR BEHIND.



ANOTHER DAY  
MEMORIES  
SLIGHTLY  
DULLED BY  
TIME AND  
A FEW HARSH  
DRINKS AND  
MAYBE HE  
WOULD TRY TO  
UNDERSTAND  
IT ALL.





TIME NOW FOR A JOURNEY TO THE MYSTIC, MAGIC, MYTHIC PAST  
OF ANCIENT GREECE WHERE MEN WERE MEN AND MONSTERS  
WERE CYCLOPS, GORGONS, DRYADS OR WHAT-HAVE-YOU! THE FABRIC  
OF THE UNIVERSE 'S FANTASY! JUST FOR THE *HELL* OF IT, LET'S TAKE...

# DESCENT INTO HELL

BEGONE! IT IS BLASPHEMY  
FOR MORTALS TO STAND  
UPON THE BANK OF THE  
RIVER STYX, WHICH FLOWS  
TO THE GATES OF  
*HELL*.

WHO BE  
YOU STRANGER?  
YOU BREATHE I SENSE  
THE WARM BLOOD COURSE-  
ING THROUGH YOUR VENS!  
YOU LIVE! THUS YOU  
HAVE NO PLACE  
HERE!

I AM NOT A MAN! I AM  
A TITAN, POSSESSING  
THE STRENGTH AND  
IMMORTALITY OF THE  
OLYMPIAN GODS!  
I CRAVE ADMITTANCE  
TO *HELL* ITSELF. THUS  
BIDDEN BY ZEUS...!

IN HIS NAME  
I COMMAND  
YOU TO...

AGE!

AGE!

AGE!



INVOKING THE  
NAME OF ZEUS  
HAS SPARED ME  
THE CURSE OF  
CHARON, BOATMAN  
TO **HELL**... I MAY  
NOW COMANDEER  
HIS VESSEL.

BUT THE  
FATHER OF THE  
GODS SHALL  
AID ME NO FUR-  
THER. I MUST  
PROVE MYSELF BY  
DEPENDING ON MY  
OWN STRENGTH!

AHE, TITAN! LONG  
HAVE YOU ENDURED  
MY PUNISHMENT FOR  
THE CRIME OF WISHING  
MORTALITY. PERFORM  
THE TASK I'VE SET,  
AND ONCE AGAIN MAY  
YOU TAKE YOUR  
PLACE AMONGST  
THE GODS!

NOW DOWN  
THE STYX,  
THE RIVER OF  
LAMENTATION!  
SAIL...

A GHOSTLY  
BULL, THE  
SIGN OF  
ZEUS.

AS THE COMPACT CRAFT KNIFES  
THROUGH EERIE TUNNELS AND CAVE,  
BONY FINGERS OF MEMORY STIR  
IN THE TITAN'S BRAIN.

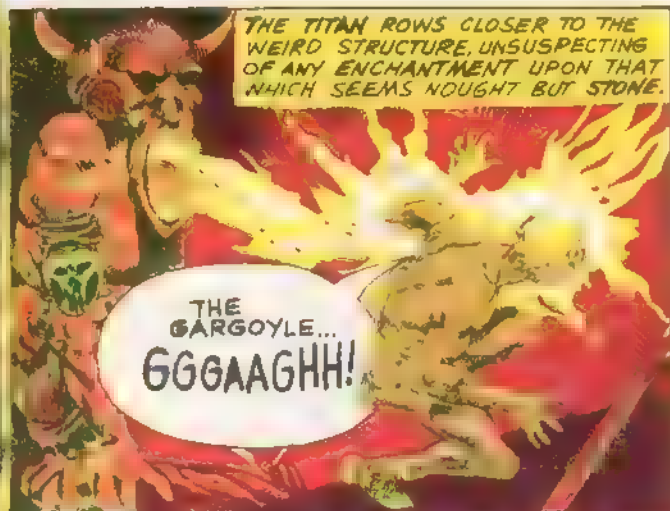
ROSANNA  
GRACEFUL,  
BEAUTIFUL  
ROSANNA.

SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN SENTENCED  
TO A LABOR OF TERRIBLE, CONTIN-  
UOUS STRAIN! BUT FINALLY COMES  
A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF IN  
FATHER ZEUS' EYES AND AGAIN  
SEE **ROSANNA**, WHOM I CHERISH  
BEYOND MY UNENDING LIFE.

I WAS  
ONLY A HANDFUL  
OF MONTHS AGO I  
FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE  
WITH ROSANNA. A HUMAN!  
ZEUS LEARNED OF MY  
FEELINGS AND DEEMED  
SUCH A MATCHING SINFUL!  
THUS I BEGGED TO BE  
MADE MORTAL. IT  
INFURIATED HIM.

BY THE  
FURIES...  
BEFORE ME...





THE TITAN ROWS CLOSER TO THE WEIRD STRUCTURE, UNSUSPECTING OF ANY ENCHANTMENT UPON THAT WHICH SEEMS NOUGHT BUT STONE.

THE  
GARGOYLE...  
GGGAAGHH!



MY  
SHOULDER!  
ZEUS LEVIES  
THE CURSE OF  
PAIN ON ME!  
THE GATES!  
I MUST REACH  
THEM! MY  
TASK LIES  
BEYOND...



THE ADAMANTINE  
GATES, FORGED AND  
STATIONED BY WAR-  
GOD ARES, NOT  
EVEN MY SUPERHUMAN  
MUSCLES MAY MAKE  
THEM YIELD.



IF I FAIL  
HERE, THEN I SHALL  
NEVER AGAIN BEHOLD  
THE FACE AND FORM  
OF THE WOMAN  
I LOVE, NEVER,  
NEVER...



...NEVER!



SCREECHING, MAN-MOCKING  
GALES EXPLODE FROM BEHIND  
THE SHATTERED GATES! MERCILESS  
SPIRIT-WINDS PUMMEL  
AND CLAW THE TITAN'S FLESH...  
POUND AGAINST HIS UNPROTECT-  
ED FACE.

HELL...! THE AFTERLIFE,  
THE REGION OF BODILESS  
SOULS. AN UNREASONING,  
MADNESS-SPAWNED WORLD  
OBSCENE TO THE SENSES  
OF LIVING MEN.

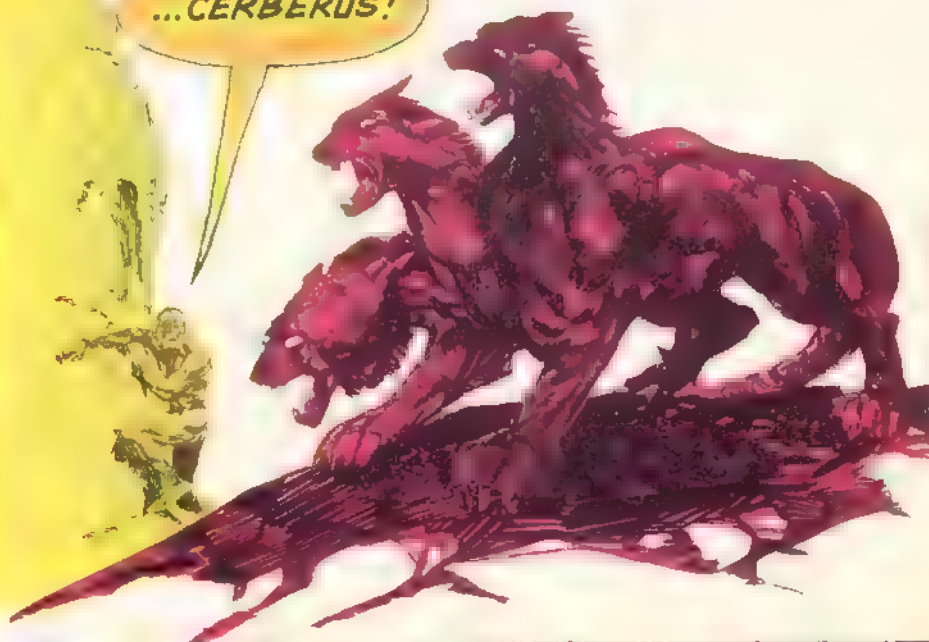
I  
MUST  
GAIN  
ENTRANCE!

WEAKER HOWL THE DEATH-  
COLD WINDS AS I ADVANCE!  
BY THE STYX THE JAGGED STONE  
CUTS MY SKIN LIKE BUTTER  
I AM IMMUNE TO NOTHING HERE  
THOSE STRANGE BEINGS HOVER  
ING ABOUT GHOSTLY REMAINS  
OF MORTALS, WHOM I  
WONDER WERE GOOD  
OR EVIL?

MY MISSION...  
IT MUST BEAR FORE  
MOST ON MY THOUGHTS  
I AM TO DESTROY THE  
GUARDIAN BEAST OF TARTAR-  
US THE THREE-HEADED  
HELL-DEMON GONE MAD!  
THAT WHICH PROWL  
S THESE FLESH-TEAR-  
ING CLIFFS!

THE  
MONSTER  
NAMED...

...CERBERUS!





FIERCE MUTTURAL GROWLS SLASH  
THE AIR BEFORE THE TITAN AS...  
SHOCKED HE LOSES HIS HOLD  
AND FALLS BACKWARD AND A  
HIDEOUS, TRI-HEADED APPARI-  
TION LEAPS AFTER HIM IN  
BLIND, UNTHINKING BLOOD LUST!

MOMENTS AFTER, DEMON  
CERBERUS REACHES  
THE STICKY, FILTH-LADEN  
NET, THREE PAIRS OF  
BESTIAL EYES SPIT  
HATRED TO THE TITAN  
... AS A MORE GRISLY  
HORROR APPROACH-  
ES FROM THE  
REAR.

HAVE THE FATES SET  
THESE STRANGE VINES  
TO BREAK MY FALL?  
HOLD! I SENSE ALIEN  
EYES WATCHING FROM  
THAT CREVICE.


OH, ZEUS.  
WHAT LAND  
OF MONSTERS  
AND MADNESS  
BE THIS?

CLAW  
CLAW  
CLAW

THE BEAST  
OF THREE HEADS  
TURNS ON THE  
SPIDER...RIPS IT  
TO SHREDS!

CERBERUS' BLOOD  
IS DISSOLVING  
THE WEB MUST  
GET OFF IT...





SPIRITS SURROUNDING  
ME! CONTENT TO STARE  
ENDLESSLY STARE!

BE GONE! DO NOT  
ANNOY ME  
THUS!

CERBERUS COMES  
FOR WE NOW HAVE  
CHANCE HAS LOPPED  
OFF ONE TROTHY  
HEAD. MAY MY  
STEADY AIM  
TAKE ANOTHER!

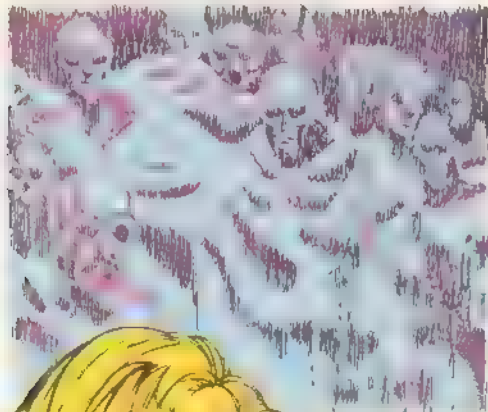
KRAK

WHITE HOT PAIN FROM TWO TORN,  
OOZING NECKS WRENCHES A SAVAGE  
GROWL FROM THE MONSTER. IT  
RUSHES THE TITAN DRIPPING GORE  
AND RAKING CLAWS RAINING UPON  
HIS FLESH GRIM VISE-LIKE HANDS  
GRIP CERBERUS FINAL LIVING  
THROAT AND SQUEEZE...  
GRASP... CHOKE

AND THE DEATH-DEMON DIES!

MY TASK IS DONE!  
GREAT ZEUS SHALL RESTORE  
MY STATUE AND HEAL  
THE WOUNDS WERE  
IMPORTANT. PERSEUS WILL  
BE WINE FOR  
ONLY HER BRIEF  
MORTAL LIFETIME





NEVER DO YON  
SHADES TIRE OF  
WATCHING THE LIVING!  
I AM BESIEGED BY  
AN ARRAY OF COWLED  
FACES, COLD AND  
SHADOW-BLUE.

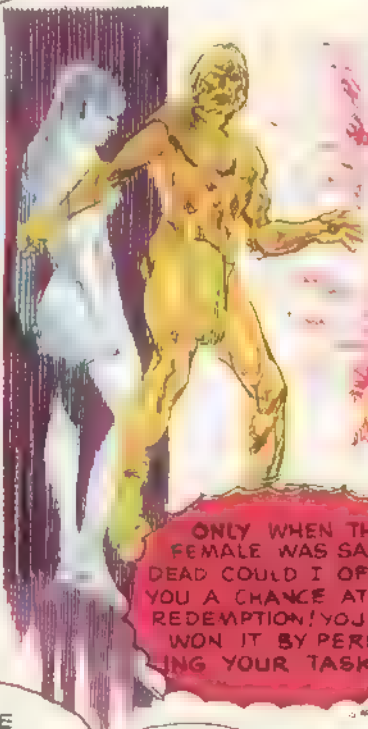
COLD,  
SHADOW-  
BLUE...

**ROSANNA!!!**



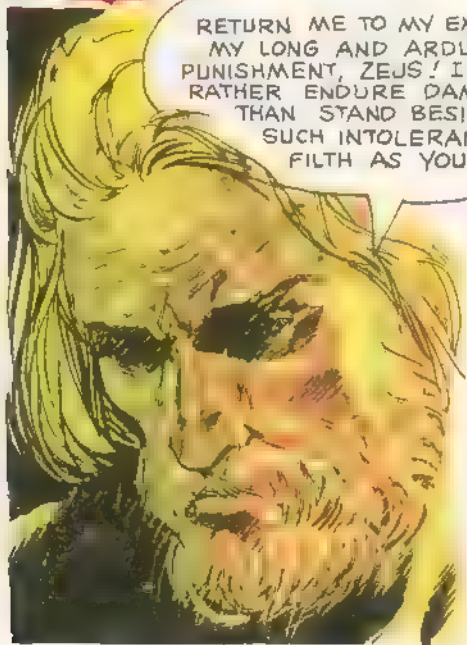
KNOW YOU HOW  
LONG YOUR EXILE-  
SENTENCE HAS  
LASTED, TITAN?  
ONE CENTURY!

YET TO YOUR  
ETERNITY-  
CONSCIOUS MIND,  
IT PROBABLY  
SEEMED MUCH  
LESS THAN  
THAT.



ONLY WHEN THE  
FEMALE WAS SAFELY  
DEAD COULD I OFFER  
YOU A CHANCE AT  
REDEMPTION! YOU HAVE  
WON IT BY PERFORM-  
ING YOUR TASK.

HERE'S  
**HELL!!!** LAR OF  
THE SOUL FRAGMENTS OF  
ALL MORTALS GOOD OR EVIL  
LEAVE IT NOW. TAKE YOUR  
PLACE WITH THE GODS FORGE  
THE MORTAL WOMAN LOST  
TO YOU FOREVER. YOU  
WHO CANNOT DIE!



RETURN ME TO MY EXILE  
MY LONG AND ARDUOUS  
PUNISHMENT, ZEUS! I WOULD  
RATHER ENDURE DAMNATION  
THAN STAND BESIDE  
SUCH INTOLERANT  
FILTH AS YOU!

**RETURN  
ME,  
ZEUS!**



**DONE!**





I AM BACK IN  
MY PRISON THE ICY  
GALACTIC REACHES OF A  
REMOTE CORNER OF  
TIME-SPACE I SHALL  
EXIST HERE FOREVER...  
MY BODY DISTORTED  
IN SIZE AND  
MATTER.



AND I WILL  
STRAIN STRAIN  
UNDER THE SARGAN-  
TIAN MASS Borne  
UPON MY BONE  
BRUISED BACK

I FEEL THE CRUISING  
WEIGHT WILL RELIEVE MY  
AGONIES. NONE OF THEM-  
LESS THAT I WILL  
FORGET HER THE  
WOMAN I LOVED



THE MASS  
OF THE  
ATLAS!



AN AWFUL STATE OF  
MIND



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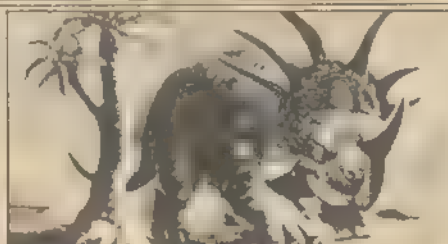
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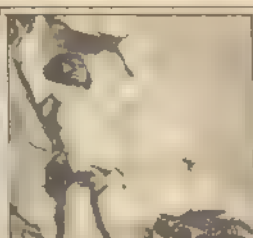
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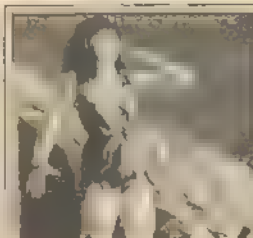
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## PROLOGUE!

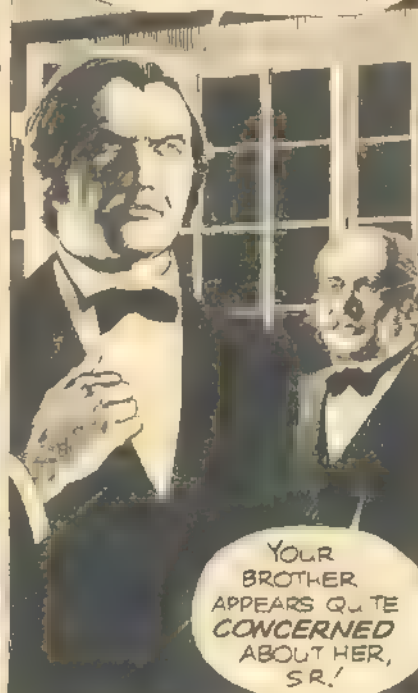
THE **MACFARLANE** MANSION HAD REMAINED IN QUIET **APPREHENSION** THAT DAY IN LATE DECEMBER, 1882. AND LIKE ALL CONCERNED **RELATIVES** IN TIME OF SICKNESS, **JASPER MACFARLANE**, PATRIARCHAL HEAD OF THE PROUD **SCOTTISH** FAMILY, WAITED TO HEAR THE DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS OF HIS SICKLY BROTHER...



IS THERE ANY **CHANGE** IN JEREMY'S CONDITION, DOCTOR?

YOUR BROTHER IS STILL **FEVERISH!** HE APPEARS **DEATHLY ILL!** AND HE CRIES FOR A GIRL NAMED **EFFIE!**

JEREMY WILL GET OVER THAT **TRAMP**, DOCTOR! SHE'S FROM THE **LOWER END** OF THE VILLAGE! THE LITTLE SLUT HAD THE **NERVE** TO TELL EVERYONE HE **LOVED** HER. **BEFORE** MY BROTHER FELL ILL, I GAVE STRICT **ORDERS** THAT SHE WAS **NOT** TO SET FOOT IN THIS HOUSE!



YOUR BROTHER APPEARS QUITE **CONCERNED** ABOUT HER, SR!

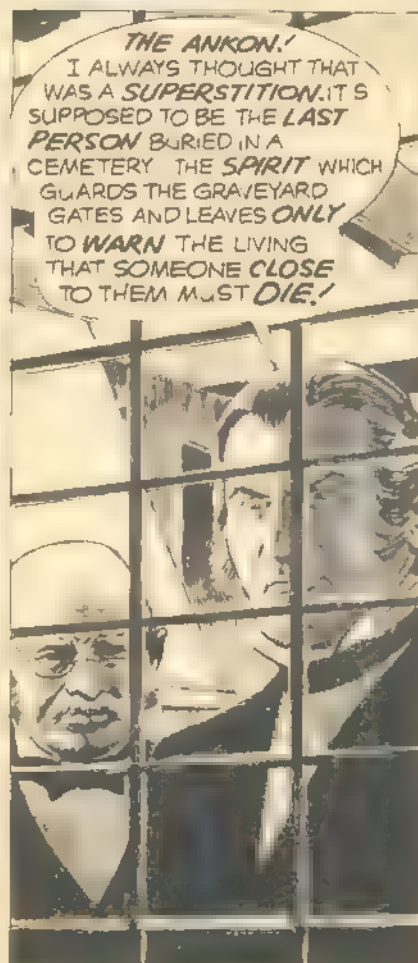


THAT'S **ENOUGH**, DOCTOR! I BELIEVE I HEAR YOUR **CARRIAGE** RETURNING FOR YOU.

THAT'S NOT MY **CARRIAGE**. MINE IS **PARKED** OUTSIDE.



GOOD LORD! **THE ANKON!** IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!



**THE ANKON!** I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS A **SUPERSTITION**. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE **LAST PERSON** BURIED IN A CEMETERY. THE **SPIRIT** WHICH GUARDS THE GRAVEYARD GATES AND LEAVES **ONLY** TO **WARN** THE LIVING THAT SOMEONE **CLOSE** TO THEM MUST **DIE!**



WELL, WHATEVER YOU **THOUGHT** YOU SAW, IT'S GONE! I MUST GO AS WELL...

TO VISIT THE GIRL YOUR BROTHER CRIED FOR... TO VISIT **EFFIE'S** HOME... FOR SHE, TOO, WAS **DEATHLY ILL!**



THE ANKON RODE ON SPECTRAL HORSE  
TOWARD EFFIE'S HOME. HE ALSO  
SECOND STAGE TO FINE TONIGHT.



# DEAD MAN'S RACE

TIED  
OF SLOW-MOVING  
HORSE POWER  
THE ANKON RODE ON SPECTRAL HORSE  
TOWARD EFFIE'S HOME. HE ALSO  
SECOND STAGE TO FINE TONIGHT.



THE NEXT DAY, ONLY HOURS AFTER HIS DEATH, JEREMY MACFARLANE'S BODY WAS IN THE OLD TOWN CHURCH FOR THE FUNERAL.

YOU MUST CONTINUE THIS SERVICE AT THE GRAVESIDE, PREACHER! MY DRIVER HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE OTHER PARTY IS LEAVING THEIR CHURCH!

EFFIE MCLAREN'S FUNERAL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR BROTHER, MISTER MACFARLANE! WE SHALL CONTINUE THE SERVICE HERE!

I SAY WE WON'T, PREACHER! EVERYONE HERE KNOWS THE LEGEND OF THE ANKON, THE SPIRIT OF THE LAST PERSON TO BE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY!

WE LL, THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR TWO MORE GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY! THE LAST PERSON BURIED TODAY WILL BE ANKON FOREVER!

AND I WON'T HAVE THAT HAPPEN TO A MACFARLANE!

IF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN FRIENDS OF OUR FAMILY, HELP ME NOW! SINCE I SAW THE ANKON LAST NIGHT, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP!

I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO MY BROTHER! YOU MUST HELP US BEAT THAT VALLEY TRASH TO THE CEMETERY!

CRASH!



JASPER TURNED FROM THE CROWD AND **DROGGED** THE **CASKET** TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH, NEVER NOTICING WHETHER ANYONE HELPED HIM OR NOT. HE COULD **STILL** SEE THE **MOCKING DEATH-GRIN OF THE ANKON!**

AND HE SWORE ONCE AGAIN THAT HIS BROTHER WOULD **NOT** BE THE ONE TO REPLACE THAT **TORMENTED SPIRIT!**

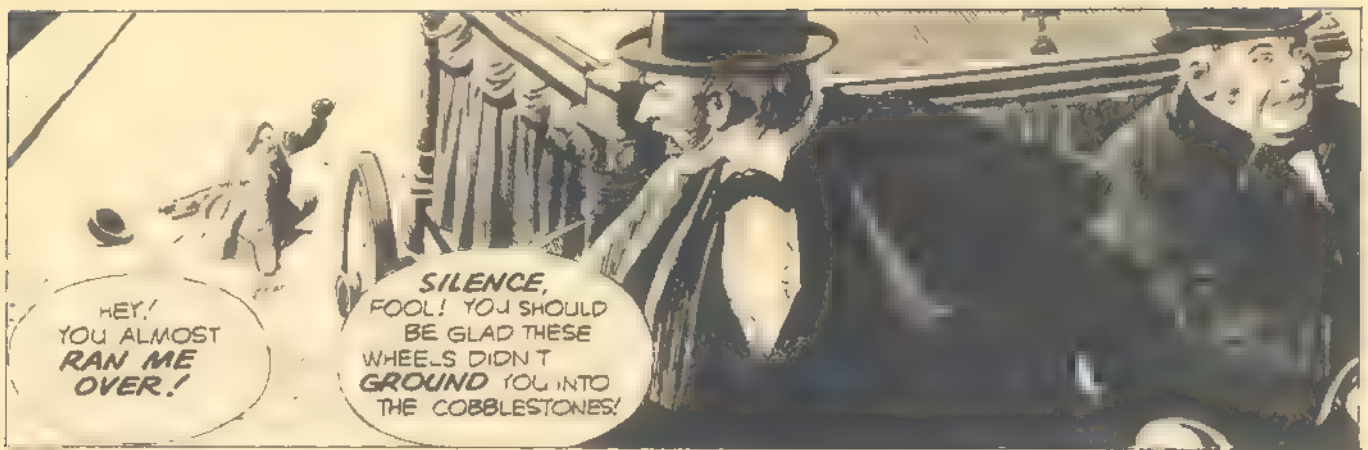


JASPER VAULTED ONTO THE **HEARSE** AS SOON AS THE **COFFIN** WAS SAFELY ABOARD.!



AND THE RACE WAS **ON**, UNDER A SOMBER, GLOOMY SKY.!





JASPER TURNED TOWARDS HIS CARRIAGE WINDOW AND SAW, TO HIS RELIEF, THAT THE CASKET WAS STILL IN PLACE! HE WOULD RETURN LATER TO FIND THE **FOOL** WHO SHOUTED AT HIM.

UP THE NARROW STREET THE CARRIAGE STORMED WITH JASPER CURSING THE DRIVER FOR MORE SPEED!





THE DRIVER PULLED ON THE REINS,  
DESPERATELY TRYING TO TURN THE  
COACH...

PUSHING THE NERVOUS  
DRIVER ASIDE JASPER  
SEIZED THE REINS...

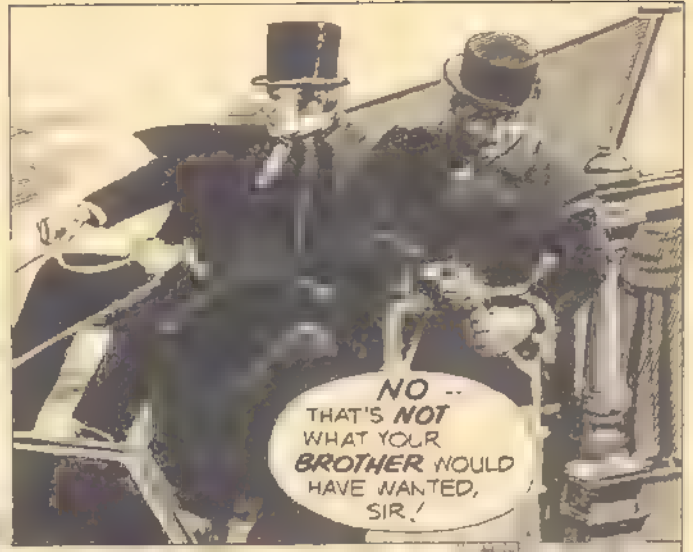


THERE WAS **NO TIME** FOR THE  
DRIVER TO ANSWER. 'SUDDENLY,  
THE RACE BECAME **REAL**.'





IT'S THAT  
TRAMP'S FAMILY  
I WILL **RUN**  
**THEM DOWN!**



**NO --**  
THAT'S **NOT**  
WHAT YOUR  
**BROTHER** WOULD  
HAVE WANTED,  
SIR!

THE MACFARLANE WAGON SCRAPED TO  
A STOP, INCHES AWAY FROM THE  
**CEMETERY ROAD** AS THE MCLARENS  
SPED BY! **THE RACE WAS OVER!!**



YOUR  
**BROTHER** WAS A  
KIND MAN, SIR; HE'D  
HAVE SEEN **HIMSELF**  
HURT BEFORE HE'D  
HURT ANOTHER!

I SHALL  
HAVE **MORE** TO  
SAY TO YOU LATER,  
DOLT... FOR YOU HAVE  
DOOMED MY BROTHER  
TO THE **DEATH** OF  
AN **ANKON!**

AT THE **CEMETERY GATES**, JASPER HAD A BRIEF, WH SPERED  
CONVERSATION WITH THE KEEPER!

PERHAPS IF YOU  
**ORDERED** THEM TO,  
SIR, MY MEN WOULD **BURY**  
YOUR BROTHER **FIRST!**  
OF COURSE, I **DON'T**  
HOLD WITH THE  
**SUPERSTITIONS** MYSELF,  
BUT IT **MAKES** A  
DIFFERENCE TO YOU--



THERE **WON'T**  
BE ANY ORDERS! WE  
**LOST** THE RACE AND MY  
BROTHER WILL BE THE  
**LAST** TO BE  
**BURIED!**





OLD JASPER  
MACFARLANE, MY **NAMESAKE**.  
I CAN **STILL** REMEMBER THE  
**GRAND FUNERAL** THEY HAD FOR  
HIM! THE MACFARLANE NAME  
MEANT **SOMETHING** THEN!

NOW IT WILL BE A  
**LAUGHINGSTOCK**!

THOSE WHO **BELIEVE** THE  
OLD SUPERSTITIONS WILL  
SAY I **LOST** THE RACE!  
THOSE WHO **DON'T**  
WILL CALL ME  
**MAD**!



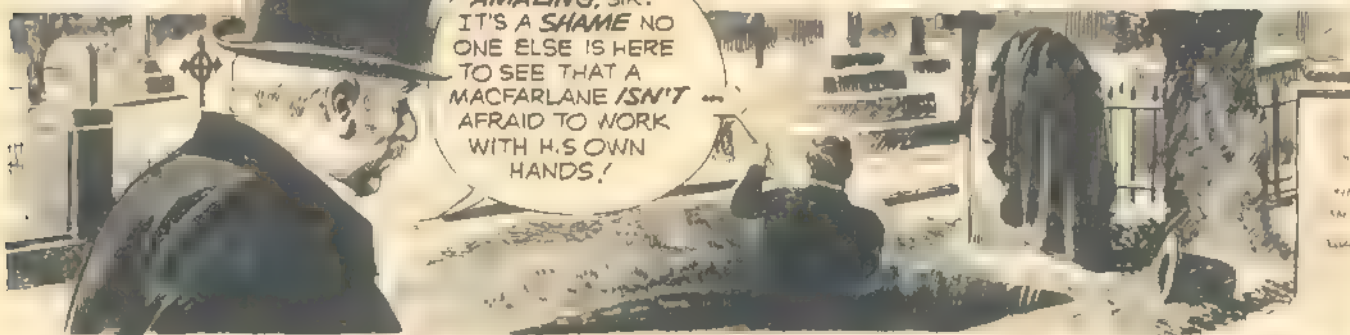
I **DID** SEE  
THE ANKON! I'M  
**NOT MAD**!

**READY**  
FOR YOU NOW  
SIR!

**WHAT?**



**DISMISS**  
YOUR MEN! MY  
**BROTHER** IS THE **LAST**  
MACFARLANE TO BE BURIED  
IN THE FAMILY PLOT! AND  
HE'LL BE **BURIED** BY A  
MACFARLANE!



THIS IS  
**AMAZING, S.R.**!  
IT'S A **SHAME** NO  
ONE ELSE IS HERE  
TO SEE THAT A  
MACFARLANE **ISN'T**  
AFRAID TO WORK  
WITH HIS OWN  
HANDS!



THAT'S A  
**DEEP GRAVE, S.R.**!  
WHY, YOU MUST BE AS  
**STRONG** AS YOUR  
BROTHER WAS! HOW WE  
ALL USED TO **ADMIRE**  
HIM!



JEREMY WILL  
BE **MISSED**,  
SIR!



**NOT**  
BY YOU,  
DRIVER!



ALL I HAVE TO DO'S  
FILL TH'S GRAVE, OLD MAN,  
AND YOU'LL BE THE **LAST**  
PERSON BURIED IN THE CEMETERY!  
DON'T WORRY-I'LL WORK  
**FAST!** WOULDN'T WANT YOU  
COVERED WITH SNOW,  
WOULD WE?



THAT'S THAT,  
TAKE **GOOD** CARE  
OF THE CEMETERY,  
DRIVER! NOW TO GET  
THE HEARSE TURNED  
AROUND, AND...



WHERE  
IN THE **BLAZES**  
S THE  
HEARSE?



**BLASTED**  
HORSES MUST HAVE  
BOLTED WHEN I KILLED  
THE DRIVER! I MAY  
HAVE TO **WALK** HOME  
IN THIS! WHICH WAY'S  
THE GATE?



**THERE!**  
I CAN FEEL  
THE **GATE**  
POST!

A **STRANGE** GATE POST! A GATE POST WITH SMOOTH  
SKIN, AND **HAUNTING** EYES AND WISPY WHITE HAIR!



**GOOD LORD!**  
THE **ANKON!**  
I'VE GOT TO  
GET AWAY!



THE *NEXT* DAY THE VILLAGERS DISCOVERED **JASPER'S** BODY IN THE CEMETERY! AFTER *FLEEING* THE **ANKON**, HE HAD *STUMBLERD* TO HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE AND PART ALLY BURIED HIMSELF THERE TO KEEP WARM! IT *WASN'T* WARM ENOUGH. HE *FROZE* TO DEATH!



THE **VILLAGERS** DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE **ANKON** AND THEY *NEVER* DUG DEEP ENOUGH TO *FIND THE DRIVER!* THEY SIMPLY BURIED JASPER IN A SHALLOW GRAVE ABOVE HIS BROTHER, FULFILLING WHAT THEY *THOUGHT* WAS JASPER'S *LAST WISH!*

**JASPER** BECAME THE *LAST MAN* BURIED IN THE OLD CEMETERY! AND ON A *DARK NIGHT*, IN THE MIST, THOSE WHO *BELIEVE* IN THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS SAY HE CAN *STILL* BE *SEEN* **GUARDING** THE CEMETERY GROUNDS



PROUD  
JASPER  
MACFARLANE,  
WHO WILL  
BE THE  
**ANKON**  
FOREVER...



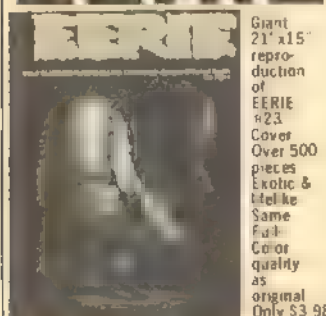
...FOREVER **GUARDING** THE GATES OF HIS OWN PRIVATE **HELL!**





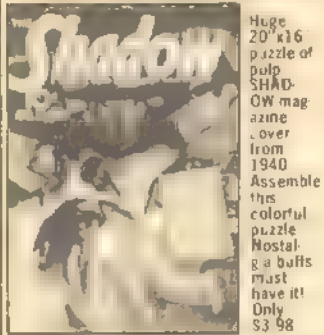
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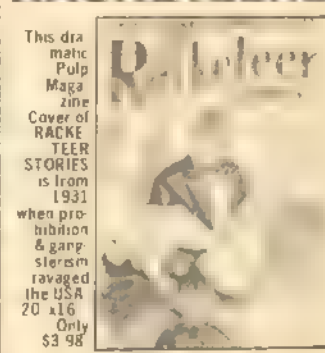
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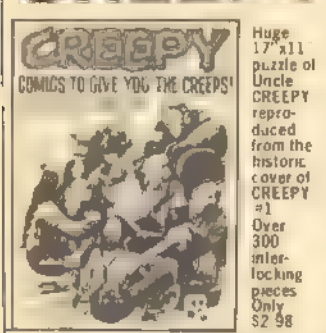
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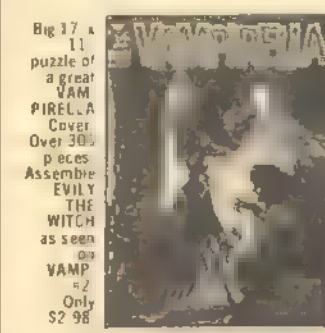
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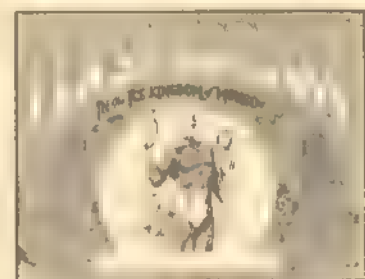
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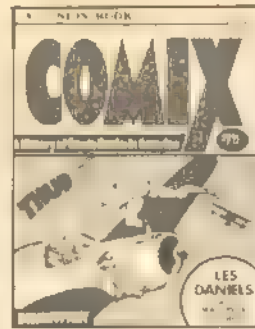
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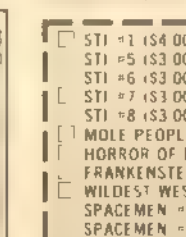
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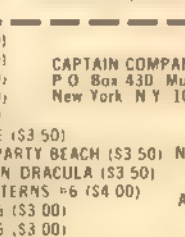
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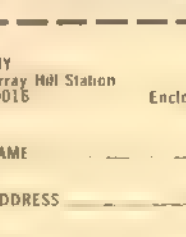
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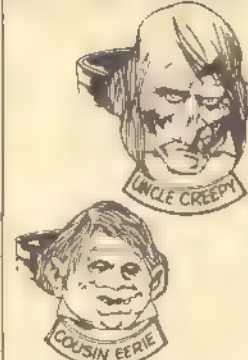
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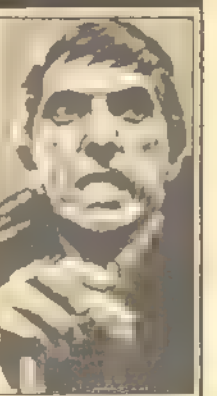
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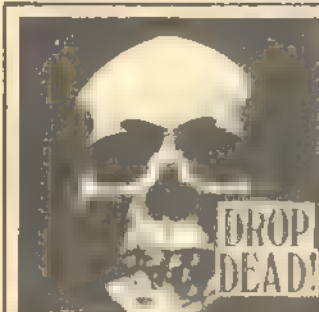
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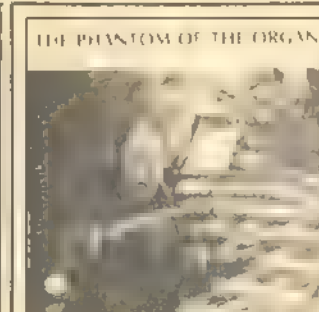
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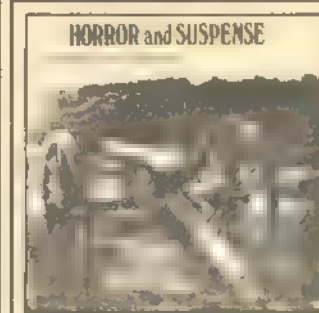
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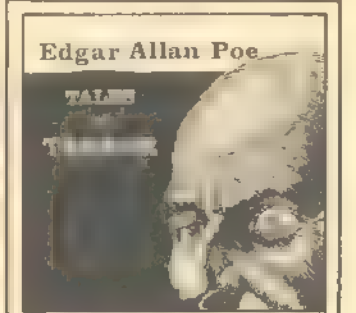
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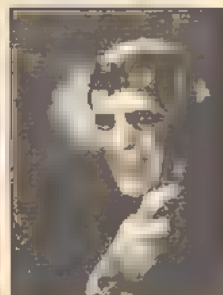
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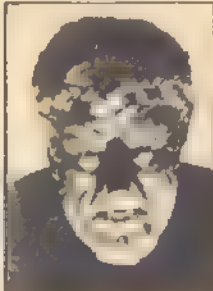
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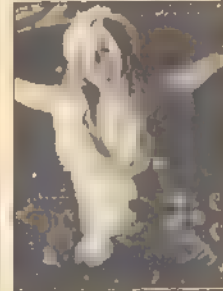
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# LITTLE NIPPERS!



LAND!

AT LAST,  
I THOUGHT  
WE'D NEVER  
SEE IT  
AGAIN.

THANK  
GOD.

WE'VE GOT TO GET  
TUP ABOVE THE  
HIGH-TIDE LINE. IN  
CASE THIS ISLAND  
IS UNINHABITED  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
TRY AGAIN  
ELSEWHERE

UGH!  
WELL MAYBE  
THERE'S SOME  
FOOD ANY  
WAY

TWO MEN EXHAUSTED AND CLOSE TO  
DESPAIR FALL ASLEEP LISTENING  
TO THE LAPPING OF THE SEA

HEY THIS FISH IS ALMOST DONE.



I FOUND A SPRING OVER THERE BEHIND THE ROCKS. HERE'S SOME FRESH WATER.

LOOK AT THIS. SOMETHING BIT ME LAST NIGHT. HOW ABOUT YOU BENNETT?



YEAH, THEY GOT ME TOO-- BUT AROUND THE NECK. THE MOSQUITOES MUST COME BIG ON THIS ISLAND.

AFTER STORING FOOD IN THE BOAT THEY EXPLORE THE ISLAND.



GOOD LORD, BENNETT. WHAT ON EARTH HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO?



IT FITS. IT FITS. IT WAS AROUND HERE-- I HAD MY SUSPICIONS BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY A STORY!



THEY'RE CATTLE!

LOOK!

I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED?



YOU DON'T SEEM VERY SURPRISED BY ALL OF THIS IT'S AS IF YOU EXPECTED IT.

I DID... IN A WAY.



OF COURSE! NOW IT MAKES SENSE HE WAS HERE!



WHO?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HAVE YOU HEARD OF THIS PLACE BEFORE?!

SURE I HAVE. SO HAVE YOU! DON'T YOU REMEMBER GULLIVER'S TRAVELS?

LILLIPUT?!!





THIS BOOK...IT'S IN **ENGLISH!** WE LEFT IT HERE. LISTEN TO THIS: "I BLEGFLOGE! AM THE LAST PERSON ALIVE ON THE ISLAND OF LILLIPUT. I AM WRITING THIS OVERLARGE AND IN THE LANGUAGE TAUGHT US BY LEMUEL GULLIVER ON OUR VOYAGE TO ENGLAND. AN ENGLISHMAN FOUND THIS ISLAND ONCE ANOTHER MAY AGAIN. HE TOOK SEVERAL OF US WITH HIM TO SHOW TO HIS KING VOWING TO RETURN US AT A YEAR'S PASSING."



"AND THEN HORROR NAMELESS, UNGOODY HORROR. THOSE WE HAD BURIED BEGAN RETURNING FROM THEIR GRAVES TO PREY UPON WHO STILL LIVED TAKING THE BLOOD FROM OUR BODIES. AND WHEN I TRIED TO DRIVE AWAY THE CREATURE MY WIFE HAD BECOME..."



"IN A METHOD UNKNOWN TO ME THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF MY MIND! THEY FORCED ME--"



GOOD HEAVENS DEAN SWIFT DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THESE-- AH-- GIFTS FROM YOUR FRIEND GULLIVER ARE **REAL** AND NOT AUTOMATONS?"



INDEED SO, YOUR HIGHNESS. THERE IS, IN FACT ANOTHER ISLAND NOT FAR FROM THE ONE WHEREIN THESE TINY CREATURES DWELL, WHICH IS ITS COUNTERPART. WE WOULD SEEM AS DWARFS TO THE CREATURES THERE

IT'S THE ISLAND OF BROBDINGNAG. OF COURSE MR. GULLIVER COULD NOT BRING THEM AS GIFTS.

"BUT SOON A STRANGE MALADY BEFELL OUR LITTLE BAND OF ADVENTURERS. ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY FELL ILL-- ONLY I SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE. THEY WOULD AWAKE DAY BY DAY COMPLAINING OF A SEVERE LASSITUDE--EVENTUALLY TO DIE ONE BY ONE."



"SHE TURNED INTO A WINGED MOUSE, A CREATURE CALLED A **BAT**, AND FLEW BEYOND MY GRASP."

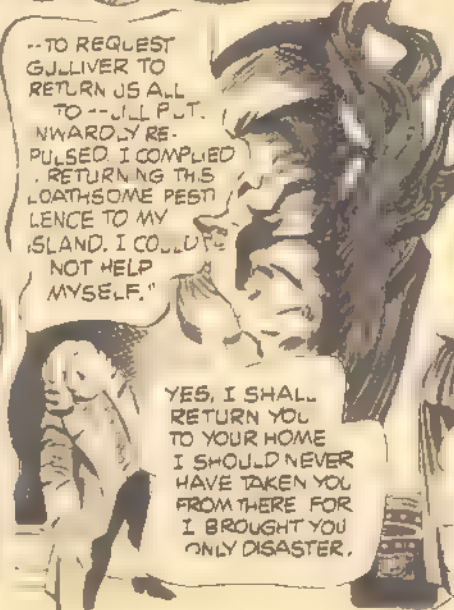


YOU THING OF EVIL! BEGONE!

"AND SOON ALL TOO SOON I WAS ALONE. I KNEW NOT WHY I WAS SPARED, BUT I SOON DISCOVERED THE GHASTLY REASON!"



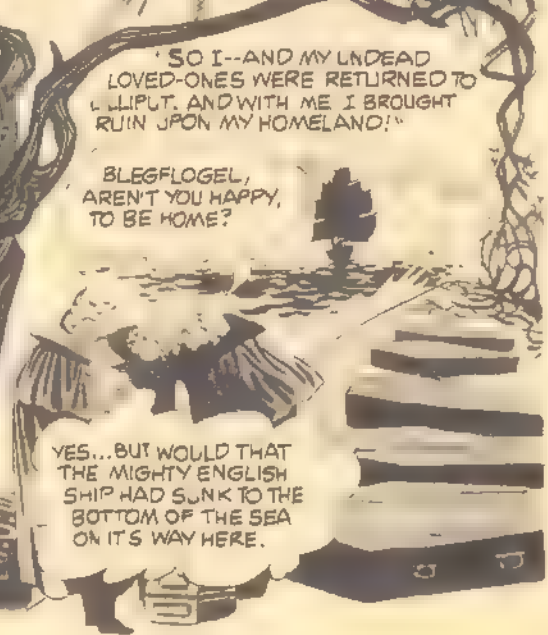
--TO REQUEST GULLIVER TO RETURN US ALL TO--LILLIPUT. INWARDLY REPULSED, I COMPLIED. RETURNING THIS LOATHSOME PESTILENCE TO MY ISLAND. I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF."



YES, I SHALL RETURN YOU TO YOUR HOME I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM THERE FOR I BROUGHT YOU ONLY DISASTER.

"SO I--AND MY UNDEAD LOVED-ONES WERE RETURNED TO LILLIPUT. AND WITH ME I BROUGHT RUIN UPON MY HOMELAND!"

BLEGFLOGE! AREN'T YOU HAPPY TO BE HOME?



YES...BUT WOULD THAT THE MIGHTY ENGLISH SHIP HAD SUNK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA ON ITS WAY HERE.

"ALTHOUGH I KNEW THAT THE PLAGUE WAS SPREAD BY THE INFECTIOUS BITE OF A CORPSE, I SOON LEARNED THAT IT WAS CARRIED ON THE ARMS OF THE WIND! BUT ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY NEIGHBORS DID NOT, AS ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE SMALL POPULATION OF LILL PUT DIED AND WAS BURIED I BLEGFLOEL, THE UNWITTING AGENT OF THE DEAD WAS REVILED IN THE STREETS."

"I WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE CITY ALTOGETHER AND TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE WILDERNESS FOR MY NEIGHBORS DRIVEN BY FEAR, SURELY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED ME. I KNOW NOW THAT I AM ALONE FOR ALL THE SMALL FRES IN THE CITY ARE EXTINGUISHED. I AM THE LAST... OF MY RACE."

"NOW I WILL RETURN TO THE CITY I LOVE. I SHALL LIVE MY LAST THERE. I ONLY PRAY THAT THE PLAGUE HAS NOT SPREAD TO THAT ISLAND TO THE NORTH." HMMM--HE MUST HAVE MEANT BLEFESCU...THE OTHER ISLAND!

LOOK, MAYBE BLEGFLOEL WAS WRONG--LET'S SEARCH CAREFULLY TO SEE IF ANY OF THE TINY PEOPLE ARE LEFT ALIVE!

THERE'S BLEGFLOEL! HE BROUGHT THIS CURSED THING UPON US.

THEY SEARCHED THROUGH THE DAY FROM AFTERNOON TO EVENING.

WELL I'M AFRAID NO ONE IS LEFT. THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

YOU'RE RIGHT I SUPPOSE... THEY WERE VAMPIRES. THEY HAD TO BE.

YES, VAMPIRES!

WELL WITHOUT BLOOD FOR SUCH A LONG TIME EVEN VAMPIRES MUST DIE. I THINK WE CAN SLEEP SAFELY IN THE CASTLE YARD TONIGHT. TERRIBLE STORY HE TOLD: GOD!





BUT AT NIGHT  
THE GRAVE OF THE  
VAMP RE OPENS  
AND HE COMES  
FORTH SEEKING  
BLOOD--THOUGH  
HE HAS BEEN  
DEAD FOR  
CENTURIES!



UHHH..  
..MY  
THROAT...

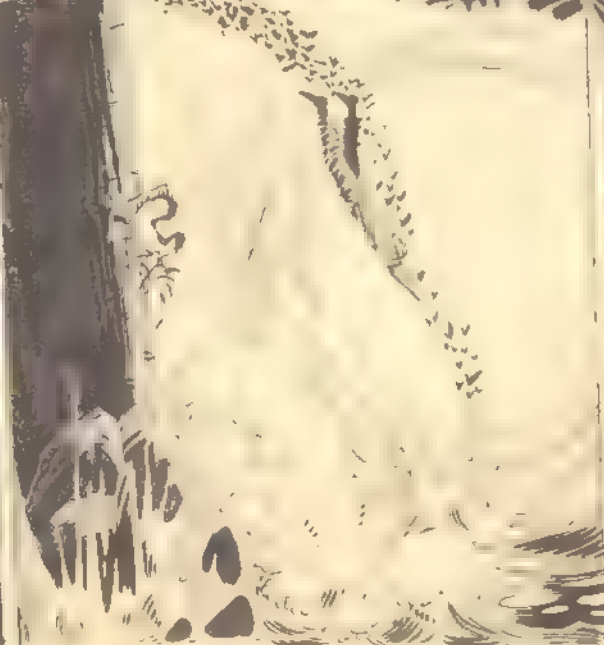


VEKNON WAKE UP,  
THEY'RE HERE.  
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE  
THE VAMPIRES.

WHAT TH-!

MY GOD. HOW  
CAN ANYTH NG SO  
TINY HURT SO  
MUCH?

RUN FOR  
THE SEA.  
IT'S OUR  
ONLY  
CHANCE!



THOUGH THE WATERS OF THE SEA WERE COLD THAT NIGHT, THEY REMAINED UNTIL SUNRISE.

I THINK THOSE LITTLE DEMONS COULD DRAIN AN ELEPHANT!

WHAT NEXT? WHAT CAN WE POSSIBLY DO?

WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM.

WITH WHAT? TOOTHPICKS THROUGH THE HEARTS?

DO YOU THINK THEY'RE ALL HERE?

I DOUBT IT! WHO'D HAVE BURIED THE LAST FEW? WE'LL HAVE TO BURN EVERY BUILDING ON THE ISLAND.

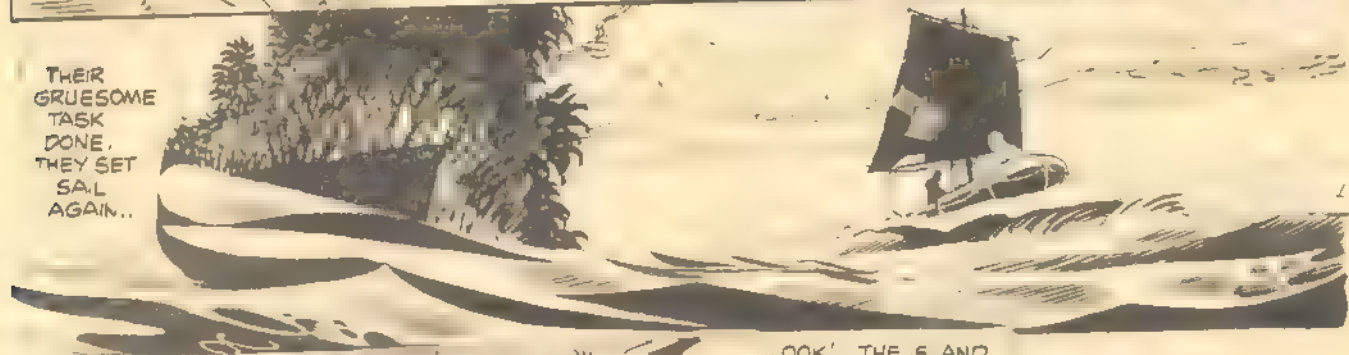


I HOPE THAT FINISHES THE LOT OF THEM.

IT'S SAD TO SEE A SOCIETY DIE. MEN OF THE WEST HAVE AN UNFORTUNATE TALENT FOR DESTROYING EVERYTHING THEY TOUCH.



THEIR GRUESOME TASK DONE, THEY SET SAIL AGAIN...



ON THE EVENING OF THE THIRD DAY...

LOOK! THE ISLAND MENTIONED IN THE NOTEBOOK!

THE PLAGUE MAY HAVE SPREAD.







I ONLY HOPE  
WE'RE RID OF  
THOSE DEADLY  
THINGS!

IT  
CERTAINLY  
LOOKS INVITING.  
WE SHOULD  
BE THERE  
WITHIN THE  
DAY.



IT'S ALL  
SO HARD  
TO BELIEVE..  
..I'M COLD..

COVER UP  
WITH THOSE  
BLANKETS. DIG  
OUT SOME OF  
THAT FOOD. WE'LL  
NEED SOME IF  
WE'RE TO MAKE  
THAT ISLAND  
BY DUSK...



GOD! THEY  
WERE EVERY-  
WHERE!

PITCH IT OUT!  
THERE'LL BE  
FOOD ON THE  
ISLAND.

...SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR  
THE SMALL SPLASH OF  
FOOD...THEIR  
LAST...



FASTER! CAN'T  
WE GO ANY FASTER!  
IT'S ALL SO LONELY  
HERE...

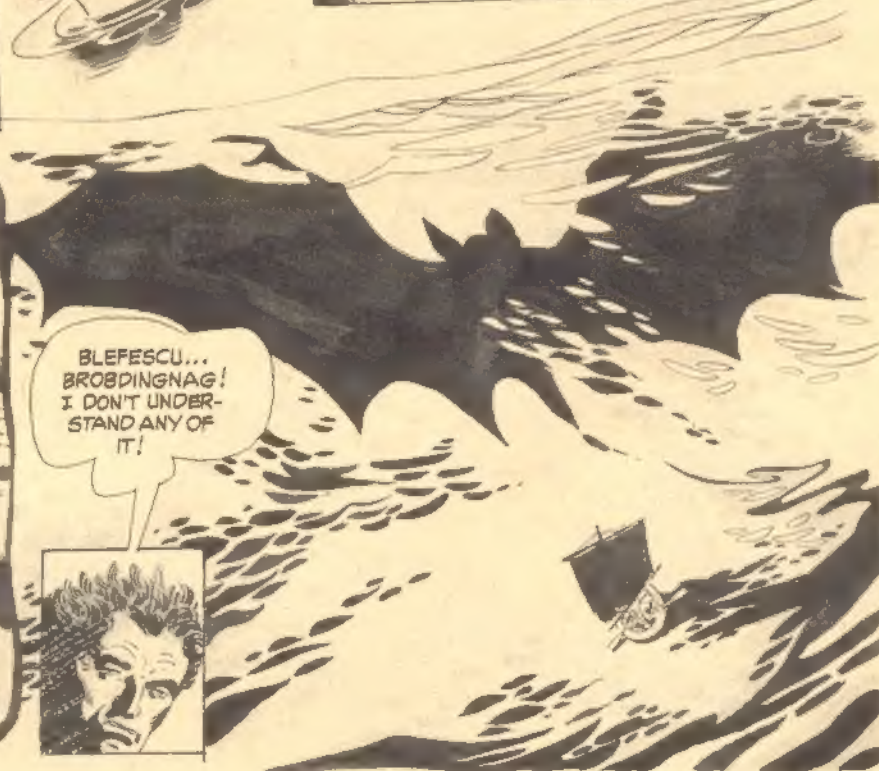
QUIET,  
IT WILL  
DO US NO  
GOOD TO  
RAGE!



I ONLY  
HOPE THAT  
IT IS BLEFESCU  
BEFORE US...  
AND NOT  
BROBDINGNAG.

BLEFESCU...  
BROBDINGNAG!  
I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND ANY OF  
IT!

VERNON  
STARED AT  
BENNETT...  
UNSURE OF  
HIS  
MEANING...







WHY? WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
BROBDINGNAG?

IF VAMPIRISM  
HAS SPREAD THIS FAR,  
IT COULD BE HORRIBLE!  
BECAUSE THE PEOPLE OF  
BROBDINGNAG WERE...

FLAP!  
FLAP! FLAP!

THEY  
WERE--

GIANTS!

--CHOKE!--

BOY, I BET THAT  
DAMPENED THEIR  
SPIRITS A MITE! WELL,  
IT BROUGHT THEM  
DOWN TO SIZE  
ANYWAY. COULDA  
REAL GULLIBLE  
GULLIVERS ABOUT  
TO BE GULPED!





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